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Northern Messenger

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'The "Messenger" is far superior to anything I know of for the Sunday School.'—W. Ruddy, Toronto, Ont.

'THE YOUNG LIONS DO LACK AND SUFFER HUNGER; BUT THEY THAT SEEK THE LORD SHALL NOT WANT ANY GOOD THING.'

The Unfinished Sermon.

(Rev. R. J. Campbell, M.A.)

Once I was speaking in my own church in Brighton on the power of the Saviourhood of Christ, and at the close of the sermon a man came into the vestry, and said:

'Excuse me, sir, did you finish your sermon just now?'

I said I thought so.

'Oh,' he said, 'you did not. You told me exactly what my life was once. You told me all the beauty and the winsomeness and the power of Christ, but you did not tell me how to bring the two together.'

I said: 'I will never make that mistake again.'

I'll tell you his story:

'I am a working man; I was once a drunken sot. I was picked out of the gutter. I felt the sudden liberation at the Cross. I was soundly converted to God. (I know he was.) I thought all my struggle with my old-time craving would be gone at once, but it was not. I had to get my living. I had to go past the place where the gin was sold, and I could not pass it. My hell began at the Cross.'

What do you think of that?

He said: 'After falling and failing, and failing and falling, till even my rescuers who had brought me to Jesus had despaired of me, I knelt down in the street myself, and raised my hands to heaven, and said: "Lord Jesus, Thou hast called me. Keep me. I claim Thy Spirit." That was years ago. I am a free man now in the power of the Holy Ghost. That is how it is done.' —'Christian Age.'

Farmer Abbott's Planting.

'Wal, neighbor, ben prayin' your potatoes inter the sile, this mornin'?' shouted Farmer Jessup, as he leaned over the wall that separated his 'early land' from that of Farmer Abbott. The other looked up with a cheery smile.

'Yes,' said he, 'I have been praying some, I couldn't help it.'

'I s'pose no one could hender you, now that you've got your mind made up, but it does seem to me that it is a mixin' of things up dreadfully, to pray right when you're plantin'. Its kinder like draggin' yer religion through all the dust an' dirt on the farm.'

'You think that religion is something that goes with Sunday clothes and folded hands, do you?'

'Wal, yes, an' not exactly, either. You see your mind ought to be on your work. You should be a doin' of it with your might. This continool prayin' when you're hillin' up potatoes ain't profitable. You ain't no better, your crops ain't no better; in fact, you're wuss off than if you left your meditatin' an' prayin' for Sunday.'

'You think that I gain nothing by it?'

'I know you don't. It stands to reason that you can't.'

'Well,' said Farmer Abbott, seriously, 'since you have spoken of it, perhaps you would like to hear what I have actually gained.'

The other nodded indifferently.

'Just this,' said Farmer Abbott. 'When I can pray all day long, I am happy all day long. I feel that as long as I do my best, the rest will be taken care of.'

'Yes, but has it ever put a dollar into your pocket?' interrupted Farmer Jessup.

'I was coming to that; yes, it has within the last year brought me in a number of dollars. You know that cross heifer that I had? Well, I used to feel ugly and pound her with the hoe until I was tired, and it did no good. She kicked just as bad; but when I began to pray every morning and through the day, why, I hadn't the heart to strike her, and she tamed right down, and last week I sold her for sixty dollars. I found, also, that I didn't feel like yelling at the oxen as if they were

as deaf as they are dumb, and three months ago Squire Nelson bought them, and gave me twenty dollars extra, as a present, because they could be driven so easily.'

'Prayin' didn't'—

'Yes, it did, neighbor. I used to yell like a madman at those same cattle and get so mad that I could have pounded them to jelly, until I began to pray over my plowing.'

'How about the potatoes? Spos'n the bugs git 'em?'

'Well, it was just so there. Before I began to pray over my planting, when I went down between the rows of potatoes and found them swarming with bugs, church-member though I was, I used almost to swear! but when I tried my new plan it didn't seem to worry me at all. I felt that it was for the best, and nothing at all when placed beside our great gain on the other side.'

'Wal, you may be right; I don't know, said Farmer Jessup, starting to go away.

'Wait a minute, Brother Jessup,' said Farmer Abbott, 'we are both members of the same church. Now why can't we kneel here for a word of prayer that God will help us both to bring our religion right into our farm work?'

When they rose from their knees, Farmer Jessup's cheeks were wet with tears. 'It is the best way, Brother Abbott. I feel it now, an' I'm bound to try it fur a spell, anyhow.' —The 'Safeguard.'

Religious News.

Germany has a colony with an area of more than three hundred thousand square miles in Southwest Africa, where the missionaries of the Rhenish and the Finnish Missionary Societies are at work. On September 16, 1907, the governor of the colony issued an important decree concerning the import and sale of spirituous liquors. Saloon-keepers and other dealers in liquor must secure a special license, which costs between fifty and two hundred and fifty dollars. It is forbidden to give or sell spirituous liquors to any native, though house-servants may receive small quantities from their masters (but not in place of wages). If servants become drunk through liquor given by their masters, the masters have to pay a fine or go to jail. If the offense is repeated, the punishment becomes severe. Contraventions by licensed persons are punished still more severely.

The United Presbyterian Mission in Egypt is endeavoring to erect new and more suitable buildings for its work in Alexandria. The present property of the stations, with schools, after half a century of labor, having an enrolment of 599 pupils, consists of a lot in an eligible part of the city, a church and a mission house that was bought forty years ago, and is now disadvantageously situated and inadequate. The plans, which have been approved by the Association at Alexandria and the Foreign Board at Philadelphia, include provision for boys' and girls' higher and lower schools, a missionary residence, a chapel, a gymnasium, a book store, a depository for the American Bible Society, offices for the Church papers and rooms where the teachers may be housed; with rooms for rental on the lower floor.

Chundra Lela, an aged saint and evangelist of Bengal, died Nov. 26. Chundra Lela was born a Brahman, married at the age of 7, a widow at nine. At thirteen with her father she went on her first pilgrimage. On this journey her father died. Religious devotion and the study of the sacred books led her to the determination to visit the great shrines of India. Later she joined the ranks of the fakirs, and practised self-torture. At last she became a Christian, and for many years was a remarkable Christian worker. The sketch of her life, entitled 'Chundra Lela—An Indian Princess,' by Mrs. Ada Lee, of Calcutta, India, has been translated into thirteen different languages. Mrs. Lee, said of Chundra Lela: 'Her zeal for souls never languishes. Her restless spirit longs to preach Christ with the last breath.'

Seek to cultivate a buoyant, joyous sense of the crowded kindness of God in your daily life.—A. Maclaren, D.D.

Work in Labrador.

(Continued.)

(From a letter by Dr. Alfreda Withington, of Pittsfield, Mass.)

When Dr. Grenfell came along the coast in the 'Strathcona,' he asked me if I would go up to Bonne Esperance and do the work there while he went on to Harrington and he would pick me up again on his way back. On the 'Strathcona' I had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Peters, of the Grenfell Association, and Miss Mayou, the nurse bound for Harrington, whose splendid training and keen sense of humor fit her pre-eminently for facing the emergencies of the Labrador. Upon landing at Blanc Sablon Dr. Grenfell asked 'Have you any ether, I have none.' I had ether and to spare, thanks to the Pittsfield friends who had so generously furnished supplies.

The first day at Bonne Esperance about 6 a.m. a man appeared in a small sail boat wishing me to go to an island seven miles out. I was told he seemed in a tremendous hurry, which I construed into solicitude for the patient, but no, indeed, it was because an increasing wind was raising a high sea. Mr. W——, the proprietor of the Room at Bonne Esperance, came after us with the 'Princess May,' saying it was too terrible to cross in an open boat. 'Must you go?' he asked. It seemed as though I must, 'well, then,' he said, 'come aboard here.' The 'Princess May' had no side railing and was a mite of a launch, my seat swished back and forth despite two men's efforts. The waves dashed over her constantly. Mr. W. pointed to a huge iceberg and said he would take me that far where we'd find smooth water when I could again board the sail boat. I looked at the iceberg, the waves dashing high up its sides, 'smooth! well,' I thought, 'everything is comparative.' Arrived there it seemed impossible for me to transfer, though the 'Princess May' could not go much farther on account of the shoals. Suddenly one of the men called 'Look up the Tickle, he breaks' as a churning mass of white revealed a shoal and leap I must and leap I did as a wave brought the small boat toward the larger. 'Don't attempt to return in this sea,' Mr. W. called out. 'Even Jimmy there hasn't nerve enough for that.' 'No fear,' sang out Jimmy, 'this lady will not leave the island until the wind changes.' That day a dory was upset and two men drowned, for the fishermen do not know how to swim. The water at 40 degrees forbids learning. Such speculation on the part of the families at the island as to who was coming! they had sent for Dr. Grenfell and had seen the 'Strathcona' pass by; but who was this stranger; possibly a cousin from England who had promised them a visit for many a year. The patients were a mother with pleurisy and a boy with one of the most exaggerated cases of St. Vitus dance I ever saw. No one there, of course, had ever seen anything like it, and the mother's heart was heavy, it was hard for her to believe that he could ever be made well. She later wrote me that she was so unhappy over K——, but only a week ago came a letter stating that the last bottle of medicine sent from the 'States' had cured him and 'he doesn't twitch at all.' How kind they were to me during that enforced visit! While at Bonne Esperance I visited several of the former parishioners of the Rev. C. C. Carpenter. Although Mr. Carpenter has been away from that coast over forty years he is held in an affection which must make his heart warm.

On my return to Blanc Sablon after a week at Bonne Esperance a lively scene presented itself. Not for sixteen years had there been such a school of fish. I had scarcely landed from the 'Strathcona' when a man appeared saying he had brought his sick boy from an island to see me, that the boy was unable to come any farther, that he was down on the rocks; I found a lad of fourteen with a temperature of 104, pulse 136, with a two weeks' history suggestive of typhoid, which it proved to be. I wanted to keep him at Blanc Sablon, but he would go back to his sister on the island, and a good little nurse she proved to be! What a time I had to feed that boy! There were many demands upon the food supply I had taken down. There were no eggs, no milk, no farina, no nothing to be gotten there, although I did finally find a hen whose daily egg the boy received, the beef juice was low, the malted milk gave out, but the nurses down the straits came to my relief. Once when I was wind bound for several days the boy ate some fish and things looked dubious for a while, but I left him feverless when I went north and only the other day I had a letter from him, he had returned to his home in Newfoundland and 'almost scared his mother by looking so well.' With the cod came all sorts of injuries to the men's hands, cuts, infected wounds, blood poisonings, which if left untouched would in some cases have resulted in loss of fingers, hands, arms, and even death. Every morning a row of men stood outside of my surgery waiting to have wounds dressed, men from the coast and the schooners. Chatting to them as I worked to place them more at their ease, many a glimpse I caught of the steadfast patience of their natures, their meagre lives, their uncomplaining resignation to the inevitable. They have so little it would seem to be thankful for; they are so thankful for that little, a gratitude which finds expression in the names of their homes and settlements—Heart's Content, Heart's Delight, Heart's Ease, Heart's Desire.'

The women have a hard time of it on the Labrador. They have large families, with everything to do and must help with the fish as well. One woman who would grasp more of this world's comforts for her children than had been her portion, told me how with the greatest effort, the eldest daughter had been sent to a relative's twenty miles down the coast for three months' precious schooling from the teacher who chanced to winter there. It sufficed to win the talisman, that opens the gates to the world of books. She learned to read and grudgingly though the hinges may turn, they still open to her and her brothers and sisters through her share of this mighty, humble blessing. 'We have our house and winter grub, and though we could do with more, if we didn't have some affliction we would forget how to pray.'

The anxiety about scarcity of fish was over, but another great tragedy was threatening, the fish had come with such a rush that the salt was giving out. The steamers and schooners from Spain were due; we'd strain our eyes looking up the Straits hoping to see them heave into sight. One day a large white schooner sailed in and anchored in a dangerous spot, 'a stranger,' said Mr. Grant, 'or she'd know better.' It was the 'Checkers,' from Oporto, laden with salt, and soon another arrived. The present stress was relieved, and the man who had abandoned 50 quintal of fish in his net, deploring his lot, hastened back with salt and saved his haul. Other schooners were anticipated, one from Cadiz, for Capt. P—— was long overdue. The salt famine was on again. One day a schooner was sighted, a fierce night came on, she steered too near the shore and ran on the unsuspected reefs. Fortunately Capt. P. had his launch in port, down he went, and with his help they got the schooner off by daylight, 110 tons of salt saved! But as Capt. P. steamed away, looking back he saw the schooner suddenly settle and sink. The reefs had done their deadly work.

Acknowledgments.

LABRADOR FUND.

Received for the launch:—Bruce Hill Mission S. S., Sault Ste. Marie, Ont., $3.50; A Friend, Beachburg, $3.00; A Friend, Churchill, $2.00; Total.. .. ..$ 8.50

Received for the cots:—Bruce Hill Mission S. S., Sault Ste. Marie, Ont., $3.50; Mrs. J. Penivear, Maynooth, Ont., 50 cents; Mira Bay Baptist Church Mission Band, Mira Gut, C.B., $3.00; Jennie R. Lefurgy, North Bedeque, $1.26; Total.. .. ..$ 8.26

Received for the komatik:—A Family Subscription, Van Koughnet, Muskoka..$ 1.00

Previously acknowledged for all purposes.. .. ..$ 1,612.97

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Address all subscriptions for Dr. Grenfell's work to 'Witness' Labrador Fund, John Dougall and Son, 'Witness' Office, Montreal, stating with the gift whether it is for launch, komatic, or cots.

LESSON,—SUNDAY, MAY 17, 1908.

Jesus Betrayed and Denied.

John xviii., 1-9, 24-27. Memory verses 2, 3. Read John xviii., 1-27.

Golden Text.

Jesus said unto them, The Son of Man shall be betrayed into the hands of men. Matt. xvii., 22.

Home Readings.

Monday, May 11.—John xviii., 1-14.
Tuesday, May 12.—John xviii., 15-27.
Wednesday, May 13.—Matt. xxvi., 31-46.
Thursday, May 14.—Matt. xxvi., 47-68.
Friday, May 15.—Mark xiv., 32-52.
Saturday, May 16.—Mark xiv., 53-72.
Sunday, May 17.—John xiii., 21-38.

FOR THE JUNIOR CLASSES.

Have you any particular chum at school, Fred? I suppose you all like certain friends better than others, because that is a way we all have, and when Christ was here upon earth he had twelve friends who went with him everywhere, and out of those twelve three in particular, Peter, James and John, who were his closest friends. Just try to think, Fred, what it would mean supposing you were accused of stealing something in school. Of course you had not done it, but while you were out playing your teacher and a lot of the boys should come out to find you and at the head of them all was one of your friends, a boy who had known you for years, and that he should say, 'There he is. Take him; don't let him escape!' Then when you were taken away in disgrace as a thief, all your friends should leave you, and when you were being tried you should overhear your greatest chum telling other people that he didn't know you at all, that he wouldn't have anything at all to do with a fellow like that. Can you think how that would hurt you? In our lessons lately we have been learning about how the officers of the Jews have been trying to arrest Jesus because they hated him; he was so good and they were so bad. To-day, however, we have to learn about something sadder than anything like that, because we learn how one of Christ's own twelve disciples led the soldiers to arrest him, how all the disciples ran away and left him, and how one of his dearest friends, Peter, declared that he didn't even know Jesus.

FOR THE SENIORS.

A study of the four gospels on these incidents will be necessary to obtain a complete account, for no one gives all the incidents and each takes into account something omitted by the others. This is the complete failure of human friendship in the dark hour of our Redeemer's life on earth and none the less bitter for him to bear, that he knew it was inevitable, part of the cross he had come to take up (Mark xiv., 27). Yet that he longed for human sympathy is evident in his returning three times from the throes of his agonized prayer to his sleeping disciples (Mark xiv., 37-41). John passes briefly over the scene in the garden, staying only to record the involuntary homage of the rabble force who came to arrest Christ and Peter's rash impetuosity in drawing his sword, but our lesson is concerned with the whole story. Hard and bitter as it must have been for the Master to see Judas on the side of his enemies, yet it remained for Peter, the trusted and loved friend, to give the Lord the bitterest drop in his cup of sorrow. In this there is one of the deepest lessons of our study. Our Saviour's heart is no less loving to-day, and the rejection of the outside world does not bring him the sorrow that there is in the craven fear of his professed disciples to stand to their colors in the face of the world's jeers. We have protested our love to him and felt the power of his tender love to us, and yet in the face of a covert sneer from a chance acquaintance we as surely deny our Lord as ever did Peter of old. What, too, is the risk we think we run as compared to that Peter thought to stare him in the face? And are we in the depths of despair over a dishonored Lord as was he? Rather, we know a victorious Lord and in our hearts no doubt assails his victory. We talk of Peter's denial with a shock of horror, but about us and in us day by day is this sin repeated in far blacker dye than colored his failure. The Master was on trial the day that Peter failed him; to-day before the world our Master is still questioned and rejected; let us look to ourselves that we do not betray his cause, that we do not fail him when our Lord seeks our help, that we do not fall into a more cowardly denial than was Peter's.

(SELECTIONS FROM TARBELL'S 'GUIDE.')

Now, when you read how Peter declared with oaths and curses that he knew not Jesus, what do you think with reference to yourself? If, when we read that account, we feel, 'I would never do that,' then we are in a place of peril. If, on the other hand, we feel like praying, 'O God, keep me by Thy power, lest I fall in such a way,' then we are in a place of safety. The man who is positive he will not deny Christ is the very one who is in danger of denying Him first. The spirit of self-assertion and of self-satisfaction cannot live in the region of close communion with Christ. The nearer to Christ we come, the greater in some respects is our sense of distance from Him. The better we know the Master the more we see our own imperfections, and the more we tremble because of our own weakness. We may have a confidence that Christ can keep, but it s very different from the self-confidence which leads us to say that we shall never fail.—G. Campbell Morgan.

But to renounce one's own strength is quite possible for one who is naturally strong. Paul was a man of great natural strength of character, almost unparalleled natural gifts; but when Paul came to Jesus Christ, he renounced all his native strength and looked to the Lord Jesus Christ for his strength; and instead of the great natural abilities of Paul, he got the supernatural abilities of God.—R. A. Torrey, in 'Northfield Echoes.'

If Peter had been arrested with Jesus and had been scourged he doubtless would have endured it bravely and remained loyal to his Master through it all. For such a great crisis he was prepared. It was the little, unexpected temptation that proved his undoing. Do I know what it is to make up my mind to some act of real self-sacrifice for others, and then to lose my temper under some little, annoying provocation?

It is a terrible thought that Judas was with Jesus and yet was made worse instead of better by the companionship. It is an equally true and equally terrible thought that we may be made worse by our familiarity with Christ's life and teachings. If we do not heed His words our hearts are becoming hardened, like the ground by the wayside into which no seed can penetrate and bear fruit.

'There is in this community to-day an amount of right conviction, which, if it were set free into right action by complete release from moral cowardice, would be felt through the land.'—Phillips Brooks.

Few things are so stumbling as our conceit of ourselves.—Henry Churchill King.

Our greatest glory is not in never falling, but in rising every time we fall.—Confucius.

(FROM PELOUBET'S 'NOTES.')

Why did Christ choose Judas for a disciple? Not in ignorance of his character and tendencies, for we are expressly told that from the beginning Christ knew who should betray him (John ii., 25; vi., 64, 70). 'The explanation will probably be found in the thought that Jesus from the first saw in this man certain evil tendencies which might develop into such enormity as that which they did reach at last, but that he saw better qualities which might possibly under his training overcome the baser thing.'—Rev. F. G. Greenhough.

'The Master did his best by Judas. He gave him one opportunity after another of confession. As he washed his feet, the touch of Jesus' hand; when he offered him the soap, the look on Jesus' face; when he told him to do his work quickly, the sound of Jesus' voice, were means of grace. If, at this last moment, he had cast himself on his Master's mercy, we should have mentioned his name to-day—the chief sinner saved. Judas was to be Jesus' failure.'—'Ian Maclaren.'

'Never in all their lives could Peter, James, and John wipe out that failure from their memories. And yet, have we one word of blame? We have never been worn with sorrow such as theirs. Have we not also failed when our Lord has asked us to watch and pray?'—R. C. Gillie.

When Christ calmly declared who he was, why did they fall backward on the ground? 'Whether this was a supernatural event, or allied to the sublime force of moral greatness flashing in his eye, or echoing in the tones of his voice, we cannot say. He who had hushed the waves and cast out the devil, and before whose glance and word John and Paul fell to the earth as if struck with lightning, did perhaps allow his very captors (prepared by Judas for some display of his might) to feel how powerless they were against him.'—'Pulpit Commentary.'

Bible References.

Matt. xxvi., 36-75; Mark xiv., 32-72; Luke xxii., 39-62; I. Cor. x., 12; Matt xxvi., 41; John x., 17, 18; II. Cor. xii., 9, 10; Prov. xxviii., 25, 26.

Junior C. E. Topic.

Sunday, May 17.—Topic—Being a Christian. II. At home and in school. I. Chron. xiii., 12-14; Isa. liv., 13. (Union meeting with the Juniors.)

C. E. Topic.

Monday, May 11.—Helpers of others' joy. II. Cor i., 24.

Tuesday, May 12.—Keeping God's commands. John ii., 5.

Wednesday, May 13.—Being kind. Rom. xii., 10.

Thursday, May 14.—Loving one another. I. John iv., 7.

Friday, May 15.—Walking in truth. II. John iv.

Saturday, May 16.—Doing good. Gal. vi., 9, 10.

Sunday, May 17.—Topic—Being a Christian at home and in school. I. Chron. xiii., 12-24; Isa. liv., 13. (Union meeting with the older society.)

All in Your School can Pray.

Dr. A. C. Thompson asks, 'Is it too much for even young children to plead in the fullest sense of the word, "Thy kingdom come, thy will be done, in earth (in all the earth) as it is in heaven"?'

The Jews had a saying, 'He prays not at all in whose prayers there is no mention of the kingdom of heaven.' That there is a great measure of truth in this, we may learn from a study of that model prayer our Lord gave his disciples when they asked him to teach them to pray. There should be prayer for the world-wide spread of the gospel at every session of the Sunday school. We need to follow the example of the noble Moravian church in this.—Selected.

Sunday School Offer.

Any school in Canada that does not take 'The Messenger' may have it supplied free on trial for three weeks on request of Superintendent, Secretary or Pastor, stating the number of copies required.

The Two Glasses.

(By Ella Wheeler Wilcox.)

Republished by Request.

There sat two glasses filled to the brim,
On a rich man's table rim to rim;
One was ruddy and red as blood,
And one was clear as the crystal flood.
Said the glass of wine to its paler brother:
'Let us tell tales of the past to each other;
I can tell of banquet and revel and mirth,
And the proudest and grandest souls on earth
Fell under my touch as though struck by blight,
Where I was king for I rule in might,
From the heads of kings I have torn the crown,
From the heights of fame I have hurled men down;
I have blasted many an honored name,
I have taken virtue and given shame;
I have tempted the youth with a sip—a taste,
That has made his future a barren waste.
Far greater than any king am I,
Or than any army beneath the sky.
I have made the arm of the driver fail,
And sent the train from the iron rail;
I have made good ships go down at sea,
And the shrieks of the lost were sweet to me
For they said, "Behold how great you be!
Fame, strength, wealth, genius, before you fall,
And your might and power are over all."
Ho, ho! pale brother,' laughed the wine,
'Can you boast of deeds as great as mine?'

Said the water glass, 'I cannot boast
Of a king dethroned or a murdered host;
But I can tell of hearts that were sad,
By my crystal drops made light and glad,
Of thirsts I've quenched and brows I've laved;
Of hands I have cooled and souls I have saved,
I have leaped through the valley, dashed down the mountain,
Slept in the sunshine and dropped from the fountain,
I have burst my cloud-fetters and dropped from the sky,
And everywhere gladdened the landscape and eye;
I have eased the hot forehead of fever and pain,
I have made the parched meadows grow fertile with grain.
I can tell of the powerful wheel of the mill
That ground out the flour and turned at my will;
I can tell of manhood debased by you,
That I have lifted and crowned anew:
I cheer, I help, I strengthen and aid,
I gladden the heart of man and maid;
I set the chained wine-captive free,
And all are better for knowing me.'

These are the tales they told each other,
The glass of wine and its paler brother,
As they sat together filled to the brim
On the rich man's table, rim to rim.

The American Saloon.

'Collier's Weekly' in an editorial on the 'American Saloon' says: 'The American saloon is a relic of frontier days, an institution the like of which exists in no other country on the earth. Why does it exist? To furnish at retail a commodity dangerous at best; to extend and to keep on extending, the sales of brewers and distillers. It prospers best when it can make two drunkards grow where but one grew before. How has it protected itself in this policy? By gathering together all that is venal in politics; by acting as connecting link in our singular American alliance between the powers that prey and the powers that rule. The fruit of mad extension of the liquor traffic has ruined private health, ruined public soul, and weakened generations to come after.'

More Than Twenty-five Years of Prohibition.

'In Carrollton, Carroll County, Ga., prohibition has been a success for more than a quarter of a century,' said L. C. Mandeville of that place. 'It was in 1874, I think, that local option was first inaugurated in Carrollton, and since that time there was only one short period when liquor was allowed to be sold legally. That was several years ago when the county passed a law permitting it to be sold by the gallon. It soon became apparent to the people, however, that even this slight concession was working badly, for intoxication increased almost at once, and after eight months' trial the county was glad to return to the old system of total prohibition. I had been mayor for several years just previous to the passage of the "gallon law," and it was apparent to me that prohibition was the only way to reduce drunkenness and lawlessness to the minimum. We have found by long experience that the sale of liquor works great injury to our business interests.'—Washington 'Post.'

Pre-natal Poisoning.

The most hideous results of the rum, opium and tobacco habits are the terrible blight and curse, entailed upon innocent offspring. None but the most experienced and observing can conceive how horrible the suffering and woe inflicted upon helpless posterity of such inebriates.

Alas! what impaired faculties, diseased bodies, and crippled energies are the consequence of narcotic or alcoholic indulgences of parents. What consuming congenital craving for narcotics they give, what relentless, constitutional craze for the pipe and plug, and what inbred, burning thirst for rum, the legacy of slavery entailed upon enfeebled and tortured progeny. Oh! the weight of unspeakable woe, the malignant disease, the virulent maladies, the accumulating burden of pain and anguish handed down from parent to child, procreated in the posterity of drunkards, opium and tobacco sots.

Transmitted tendencies to wickedness, imbecility, licentiousness and every crime are the awful heritage bequeathed by fathers and mothers to their families. When they give loose reins to appetite, or revel in excess and debauchery, or indulge in any degree those base appetites, they spawn upon society the vicious classes, from which are recruited the criminals, harlots, paupers and the idiotic and insane.

Dire indeed are effects which this pre-natal poisoning has wrought in this nation. Those relentless tyrants, narcotics, nicotine, and rum, daily slaughter more infants then did Herod the king. This striking infantile mortality is the great national reproach and shame. Our children are born with the iron clutch of disease upon their vitals, with blood tainted, bones honey-combed, nerves shattered, brains collapsed, and arteries inflamed. They are an easy prey to death, and half the generation is mowed down in the first year of existence, while many of the remainder are left half alive, with bodies so debilitated and vitally depleted that they have little power to resist disease, and soon sink to premature decay.

There slumber in the veins of multitudes of the youth, the latent fires of lust and appetite, inherited; they slumber seething in the blood, cruel and fierce, ready to flame up at the first indulgence. What easy victims are such to the assaults of the temptation. This innate craving for narcotics and rum! how often have we known it to break all control and send the sons of church members and Christian ministers reeling to early graves and a drunkard's hell!

These ghastly defects of mind and body in children, whose existence their parents have blighted by alcoholic excesses are becoming glaringly obvious and frightfully numerous. There is induced an alarming prevalence of this inherited proneness to drunkenness and crime. This question of rum, tobacco and opium drunkards is one that must soon enter legislature. This is one of the most gigantice evils of the age. God is visiting the iniquities of the fathers upon the children. These implacable rum, opium and tobacco fiends are fast converting this world into a lazar-house. These murderous vices that are polluting the bodies and spirits of the unborn, are monstrous ghastly crimes, that cry to heaven for vengeance upon this people, and invoke upon us the justice of Almighty God.—The 'Vanguard.'

A Pandora's Box.

The following is taken from a judgment of the Supreme Court of the State of Kansas: 'Probably no greater source of crime and sorrow has ever existed than social drinking saloons. Social drinking is the evil of evils. It has probably caused more drunkenness and has made more drunkards than all other causes combined, and drunkenness is a pernicious source of all kinds of crime and sorrow. It is a Pandora's box, sending forth innumerable ills and woes, shame and disgrace, indigence, poverty, and want; social happiness destroyed; domestic broils and bickering engendered; social ties sundered; homes made desolate; families scattered; heart-rending partings; sin, crime and untold sorrows; not even hope left, but everything lost; and even lasting farewell to all true happiness and to all the nobler aspirations rightfully belonging to every true and virtuous human being.'

The Little Teetotaler.

The little birds that fly and sing,
So happy, blithe, and free,
Are water drinkers every one—
Teetotalers true, like me.

The trees that grow so tall and strong,
And spread their branches wide,
All quench their thirst from dews and showers!
They, too, are on our side.

Yes, birds, and flowers, and stately trees,
And beasts that walk the sod—
All Nature's with us, and our cause
Is blessed by Nature's God!

—'Temperance Leader.'

DON'T FORGET THE

CANADIAN PICTORIAL PRIZE COMPETITION.

Twelve prizes, and every one of them extras over and above all premiums or commissions earned by selling this popular illustrated monthly.

Our Third Prize Competition will cover the total sales of April, May, and June—results to be announced in July 'Pictorial.' Even if you did not start with the April issue it will not matter, for you may make up for a late start by a little extra push.

THE PRIZES.

TWO FIRST PRIZES—One to boys in cities and large towns, one to boys in country places. Both prizes of same value and to consist of the choice of any one of the three following articles:

1—Waterman 'Ideal' Fountain Pen. A pen for a lifetime—complete in every way. No need to enlarge on its merits.

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PROVINCIAL PRIZES.—If you don't win one of the first prizes, you may be at the top of your own province and so get a nice book prize. Ten provincial prizes given, one each to the different provinces of Canada and one for Newfoundland.

Who will be the successful ones this time? If you have never tried yet, send in for a package of this month's splendid issue to start on, with full instructions, premium list, etc. We give every order careful and prompt attention.

Address: JOHN DOUGALL & SON, 'Witness' Block, Montreal, Agents for the 'Canadian Pictorial.'

Correspondence

N., Alta.

Dear Editor,—I live on a farm on the prairie, twenty-five miles from the railroads, and my brother and I ride five miles to school. I have two sisters and two brothers. Three or four years' ago there was hardly anybody here, now it is quite thickly settled, and there are schools and churches. My father is a minister.

CHARLES GRATZ.

M., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I am a little boy seven years old and I like to write letters, so mamma told me to write to the 'Messenger.' We all like to read the 'Messenger.' I have a white rabbit and a banty hen for pets. I live on Evangeline's old apple tree, now dead many years.

HELEN D. B. (age 9).

N. F., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I live in Niagara Falls, Ont., just a short distance from 'Lundy's Lane.' I often visit the cemetery on 'Lundy's Lane,' where the great battle was fought in 1812. I visit also the graves of the brave soldiers who fell in that great battle, and the grave of the brave woman, 'Laura Secord,' and her beautiful monument. She must have been a beautiful woman, for she has such a lovely face.

LOTTIE B.

M., Man.

Dear Editor,—I have three sisters and three brothers. My two younger sisters and I drive ourselves to school in the summer.

OUR PICTURES.

1. 'A Table.' Verna F. Sears (age 9), W. L., Alta.
2. 'Going to Town.' Leta M. Mercer age 10), M., Ont.
3. 'Two Loving Kits.' Beatrice Wallace (age 9), E., Sask.
4. 'Our Flag.' Elizabeth Ricker (age 7), G., N.S.
5. 'A Man of War.' Fred. E. Bergman, P., N.S.
6. 'Our House.' Jessie De Grow (age 9), L., Sask.
7. 'Water Jug.' W. R. Cowan, Toronto.
8. 'A Hay Waggon.' Edna M. Gilbert (age 7), L. R., P. Que.
9. 'A Ship.' Percy Hart, B., Ont.
10. 'Baker's Cart.' Robert Macdonald (age 11), H., Ont.
11. 'Our House.' William N. B., B. R., Ont.
12. 'Little Boy Blue.' Anna Hahn (age 10), H., Ont.
13. 'A House I can see from my Window.' One who is interested, P., Ont.
14. 'Chicken Rock Lighthouse.' Laurell McD. S., Clarendon, Ont.
15. 'Buster and His Dog.' Gladys Thomas (age 10), C., Ont.
16. 'Soldier.' Herbert Saunders (age 14), Ottawa.
17. 'Water Fall.' Victor Pettypiece (age 10), F., Ont.
18. 'On the Seashore.' Carrie Sobey (age 14), P., N.B.
19. 'Vegetables.' Eva L. Howes (age 11), H., Ont.
20. 'Fast Express.' John William Paton (age 10), Montreal.
21. 'A House.' Bessie A. Stratton (age 9), K., Ont.
22. 'A Thoughtful Hour.' Muriel Nash (age 11), A., Ont.
23. 'I cut my finger, but it's better now.' Gertrude Brooks, C., Ont.
24. 'Silver Sails.' Sarah Sobey, P., N.B.
25. 'The Young Bugler.' Leslie Wightman, B., Ont.
26. 'Washing Day.' Minnie Walters (age 11), F., Ont.
27. 'The Evening Sun.' M. McA., Elmvale, Ont.

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a farm of 200 acres and a creek runs through it, so we skate in winter and catch fish in the spring.

CLIFFORD SPEIRS.

M., Ont.

Dear Editor,—As I haven't seen any letters in the 'Messenger' from Minesing, I thought I would like the boys and girls to see one. Minesing is not a very large village, but has five churches, a basket factory, store, shoemaker's shop and blacksmith shop. It is situated about three miles from the Nottawasaga River, which runs through the County of Simcoe. I go to school in the winter time, but not much in summer. There is a good sized pond not far south of our school, and we skate and play hockey on it in winter time.

RONALD O.

U. C., N.S.

Dear Editor,—My home is in the Cornwallis valley, a great fruit growing country. Acadia University is about seven miles away. My brother attends it. There are many old cellars all about Canard where the early French settlers made their homes. We are not far from Grand Pre, the scene of Longfellow's Evangeline. We have a branch of But it is too cold in the winter. We have a nice big pond near our house. It is lovely skating in the winter, when it is not too cold.

M. is a small town. We have a lovely school. It is painted cream, and has a bell you can hear for about four miles away. Our school is heated by a furnace.

MYRTLE WRIGHT.

P., Que.

Dear Editor,—My father is a paper maker, and in the mills they make many different kinds of paper, among which are print and wall paper. I wonder if the 'Messenger' is printed on some of the paper that is made here? I go to school and am in the third grade. I am pretty busy, as when my lessons are done, I have to do my music. I am going to send a riddle: What is the difference between a sigh, an automobile and a donkey?

MAIZIE FORD.

G. L., P.Q.

Dear Editor,—Like most of the readers I like to read. I have read a lot of books. I think if I mention my favorite books I won't have room for anything else. We take the 'Canadian Pictorial' and we like it very much. We went to Ottawa for our Christmas holidays and had a very nice time. I have a pair of skates and I like to go skating very much.

A TWIN.

D., P. Que.

Dear Editor,—I am a little girl six years old. I do not go to school, but am learning to read at home. I have two little sisters and one little brother. I have a cousin out West who takes the 'Messenger' too, and we often learn the same pieces. We went to a circus last summer and saw a very big elephant. We like the stories in the 'Messenger' very much. Mamma often reads parts of the 'Wide Wide World' and 'What Katy Did' to us. We will be glad when we can read for ourselves.

ELEANOR ANNE S.

McA., Man.

Dear Editor,—I like the 'Messenger' and am going to save the papers up, as I think they will make a nice book. We have three pets, two cats and one dog. His name is Buster. My little sister and I are going to try to train him to pull the hand-sleigh. It is great fun trying to teach him. I am saving up post-cards. But I haven't very many yet, as I have just started to save them up. I am very fond of reading and enjoy the stories in the 'Messenger' very much.

RUBY WRIGHT.

OTHER LETTERS.

Barbara Dickson, B., Ont., is in the real spring spirit. She thinks the birds' singing 'makes the little boys and girls feel like singing too. Mostly all the farmers have started to plough around here, and just think, it will soon be time to put in the seeding.'

George Biggar, B. R., N.B., has a very different story. 'About fourteen inches of snow fell last week. It has been a regular blockade.' You sent no answers with your riddles, George, so they cannot be published.

Amy Empey, O. C., Ont., has had pneumonia, but is getting better now, we are glad to say. No answers to your riddles, Amy.

Clyde T., Dartmouth, N.S., has a pair of rabbits and seven little ones 'over two weeks old. They are getting very cunning and are just about able to hop about.

Cecil H. Hetherington, H., P. Que., likes the organ better than the piano, 'and I can play on it a little.'

Wilbert Wright, T., Ont., asks 'When is a sailor not a sailor?'

Gordon S. Robertson, U. H., Ont., writes, 'We are making lots of syrup and I have great fun gathering sap with my brother. I like maple syrup very much. I have a thoroughbred Scotch collie and I am going to train him to bring in the cows in the summer.'

Verna M. Crack, K., P. Que., has 'four Houden hens which took first prize at the Fair last year, and I am going to have lots of chickens this spring.

Allan Roy MacLeod, L. L., C.B., 'set some snares for rabbits and caught twenty.'

Frederick Ralph Burford, H., Ont., sends more drawings. Good, young artist, you can use your pen as well as your pencil.

Edith K. Murdock, B. V., N.S., has 'a black cat with only three legs. She was in the hay and papa cut her leg off with the mowing machine.' Poor pussy!

Leta M. Mercer, M., Ont., and Jennie Cameron, H., C.B., answer Annetta M. Rose's second riddle (April 17)—Castile (cast steel). Jennie also answers W. C. Carscadden's (April 17)—A nut. Gladys Cornfield, H., Ont., answers Annetta's first riddle—a bed, and Luella Doerbecker's (April 17)—Your teeth. Harold Lockhart, E. L., N.S., and Gertrude Brooks, C., Ont., also answer this riddle. Harold has 'been to the sugar woods three times this spring.' Gertrude writes a nice letter, which we hope to publish later.

We also received letters from Ella Elliot, S. F., Man.; Albert Crossman, C. C., N.B.; Bessie Reekie, W., Sask.; Charlie Young, Quebec; Mary Dike, S., Ont.; Russel D., and Mary McLeod, P., P.E.I.; Jenet Shaddock, B., Ont.; Minnie Whaley, M. C., Ont.; Amy Froats, F., Ont.; Robert Murchy, L. R., N.S.; Freda Morash, O., N.S.; Sola Ross, T., Ont., and Willie Reekie, W., Sask. All riddles in these have been asked before.

BOYS AND GIRLS

Be Strong.

(By Sam Walter Foss, in the 'C. E. World.')

When God gave the world to man,
'Twas a waste new world and wild,
And weeds grew rank by the river's bank,
And the wolf cub slew the child;
And dragons swam through the slimy lakes
That were foul with the upas breath;
And loud was the hiss of the everglade snakes,
And the swamp winds reeked with death;
And man was tossed into the welter and wild;
And God said to the trembler, 'Be strong, my child.'

And that word, 'Be strong, my child,'
Abode in his blood and brain;
And he fought the snake of the slimy lake
And the bull of the roaring plain;
And he learned the secret of iron and fire,
And built him homes in the snow;
And he bade his wondering babes aspire,
And taught his tribes to know;
And the lion's whelp slunk away in the wi'd
And shrank at the gaze of the wise man child.
And God said: 'Be strong, my child,
And rule the wind and wave;
And the lightning's power shall be thy dower,
And the cataract be thy slave;
And the continent-cleave where the river runs,
Go, bead with mills to the main;
And harness the forces that whirl the suns;
And build my world over again.
Lo, I've lifted you up from the snake and the sod
To labor with me and to build with God.'

God says, 'Be strong, my child;
Ye shall build my world anew;
But the deeds ye have done since your race begun
Are simple and feeble and few;
But the deeds ye shall do as your dreams expand
Ye are now too young to know;
But the little man child that God leads by the hand
Has a very long way to go;
And the seas may be strange, and the waste may be wild,
And the goal is afar; but be strong, my child.'

Ninny's Sabbath Keeping.

(Anna C. Young.)

'Ninny' Neal loved Sunday. Not that he knew what the day was set apart for (nobody had taught him that—mammy was too busy and too ignorant, and no one else thought of teaching him). He loved Sunday because it was a day when 'nobody did nothin',' as he expressed it. There was no school to bother one, as on other days, and no errands to run, nor water to 'tote,' nor wood to be cut, as on Saturdays, and he was as free and happy as the birds.

He did not bother much about his clothes, and that was another nuisance rid of. A cotton shirt, open at the throat, showing his bare, black neck; a pair of patched trousers, kept up by cord 'galluses,' as Ninny called them, attached to one lone button, that pulled away from the trousers as if anxious to join its long gone companions, completed his attire. He did not love shoes—they were only in the way, and a trouble to untie when Ninny wanted to go 'wadin';' and bare feet took a much firmer hold when he was climbing or 'shinning' up a tree. Hats, too, were an abomination, and only to be tolerated as a shield from the sun when he was tired and lay stretched out on the haycock in the meadow lot, or as a basket in which to fetch home birds' eggs when he had been nesting. But his face was religiously scrubbed with soap and water, by mammy's vigorous hands, every Sunday morning, until it shone like polished ebony, and he had such a delightful way of showing his white teeth and rolling his black eyes in ecstasy on the smallest provocation, that he was altogether a very engaging little boy.

His real name was Jeremiah George Washington Neal, but it had been shortened into 'Ninny,' as a more convenient name for daily use, and Ninny himself had almost forgotten his real name. Mammy was proud of his name. When Ninny was a tiny baby she had made up her mind he should have a good name, ''cause 'taint likely he'll hab much else,' she said, so she selected Jeremiah, because that had been the name of her old master, whom she dearly loved. Next to him she considered George Washington 'de biggest' man dat eber libed. Waren't he de father ub de whole country?' she asked. And so it came to pass that the baby was named for 'de two biggest' pussons in de world.'

One Sunday morning Ninny sat on the stone wall skirting the 'big' road, absently pulling the gay red and yellow leaves of the Virginia creeper, which ran over the stones, arranging them in a gorgeous clump of color, while he wondered where he should go that day. The sky was overcast, and it was too dull down in the woods and in the meadow, but it was a good day for fishing, and he had just about made up his mind to run home for his pole and dig some bait, when he heard the sound of wheels, and he sat still to see the 'white folks' drive by to church. His gay bouquet half shielded him, but as the carriage came round the bend of the road, a pretty young lady leaned out of the window, and the bright leaves, with their funny background, caught her eye.

'Oh, what beautiful leaves, and what a funny little face!' she exclaimed, and an elderly lady leaned forward to see what had excited her admiration. 'Those leaves are just what I want for the church this morning,' and bidding the driver stop, she said to Ninny:

'Wouldn't you like to give me your lovely leaves? I see there are plenty more, and I do want some so much,' and Ninny, showing all his white teeth in pleasure at being spoken to by such a sweet voice, slid down from the wall, and shyly placed the leaves in her hand. 'Thank you so much,' the lady said; then a thought suddenly came to her and she said, 'Wouldn't you like to go to church this morning and carry your leaves for me, and then you can see how pretty they look on the pulpit?'

Ninny hesitated. It would be a wonderful thing to ride behind those beautiful horses, but he glanced down at his clothes, and for the first time wished they were nicer. The lady saw the glance and said hastily, 'Never mind your clothes, you can come just as you are,' and before Ninny could say a word, James, the driver, said 'climb up,' and he found himself sitting up next the driver's seat, feeling very grand indeed.

He looked very funny sitting up very straight with his big bunch of leaves held in front of him, and his shining black face aglow with delight, and people laughed as they passed the carriage. But Ninny did not care. Wouldn't mammy be proud and happy when she heard the news? Ninny almost wished he could go home that minute to tell her all about it.

He had scarcely finished admiring the beautiful black horses with their shining harness, and the gay cockade in James' hat, thinking that it must be a very grand thing to sit up so straight and handle the reins so deftly, when they stopped at the church door. James got down and helped the ladies to alight, and the young lady told Ninny to follow her. Ninny had never been to church before and it seemed a very beautiful place to him. There were velvet cushions in the seats and lovely colored glass in the windows, and a high platform where the minister sat; and, although there was no one in the church when they went in, Ninny felt very shy and out of place as he followed his new friend down the aisle, and placed the leaves on the platform in front of the pulpit. He would have liked very much to run away, but he did not know whether that would be just the thing to do, so he sat very still, his black eyes very big indeed, all during the service. After it was over, the young lady said, 'Now, I'm going to take you into Sunday School. I have a class of little boys just your age, and we have lovely times, and I am sure you will like it.' Ninny followed her, wishing over and over again that he had not allowed the white folks to inveigle him into coming.

His was the only black face in the class, and the other boys nudged each other and laughed. One rude boy whispered loudly, 'Look at the nigger!' Ninny looked ashamed and wanted to run away more than ever, but his kind friend took him by the arm, and led him into a seat near by her, saying, 'Boys, we have a little guest with us to-day, and I want you to make him feel at home. He gave us the lovely leaves for the church this morning, which I saw you admiring, and I know you are all very grateful to him, and mean to give him a good time.' Most of the boys looked ashamed, and one little fellow offered to share his hymn book with Ninny.

The little black boy never forgot that service. He forgot all about his black face and his shabby clothes, and his heart swelled as they sang, 'Jesus loves me, this I know,' and 'Jerusalem the Golden.' Ninny had heard his mammy sing them many times over her washtub, and he loved them dearly. After the singing was over a man at the desk read from the Bible. Ninny did not know it was a Bible, but he thought it was a very nice story the man read, about Jesus walking in the cornfields with his disciples, and he wished he would tell them more about it. Soon the children grouped themselves about their teachers. Drawing Ninny closer to her the teacher asked, 'Now, which of my boys can tell me why we have a Sabbath day?' No one answered at first, and then one boy said, 'It's the day we go to church.' Another boy said, 'It's the day we read our Bibles,' and some one else thought 'it was a day when nobody did any work.'

'Yes,' said the teacher, 'it is a day for all these things; but do any of you know why we go to church, and read our Bible, and do as little work as possible?' No one seemed to know. The boys looked at each other, but no one said a word, so their teacher said, 'It is because God, our Father, commanded us to keep the day holy, and that means free from sin—a day we keep just for God's worship. He lets us work all the week, and then he tells us to rest on the Sabbath day. We do not do things we do on week days, because we want to have time to worship God. Did you ever notice how very quiet and peaceful it is outdoors on Sunday? The birds sing more softly and sweetly, the cattle are quiet in the meadows, the brooks ripple more gently, and everything, everywhere, seems to be praising God. Only human beings seem to forget that God said, 'Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy;' and a great many of us do very much as as we do on week days. Some people go fishing'—here Ninny fidgeted uneasily, wondering if she could possibly have known what was in his mind when she first saw him—'and some play ball and cricket, and make all sorts of excuses for staying away from God's worship. Do you think we should be more ungrateful and disobedient than everything else that God has made? Shall we not all try to keep Sunday a day just for God?' she asked earnestly, and all the boys promised.

Ninny went home feeling very strange. It was new to him that God cared anything about people, little black boys in particular, and how they spent their Sabbaths, and he wondered if mammy knew about it. He made up his mind to ask her the minute he reached home.

As he trudged down the dusty road, he heard the wind rustling the grasses in the fields and he whispered, 'You's des a singing praise ter God, I know, ain yer now?' and the grasses seemed to nod and bend in joyous assent. He looked at the cows in the pasture, standing peaceful and content under the shady trees, and said, 'Yer knows God lubs yer, and sees yer, and yer happy 'cause it's Sunday,' and the cows looked as if they understood him and 'mooed' in answer. Once he found a squirrel running along the stone wall, scolding as he went, and Ninny shook his little black finger at him, 'Doan you know it's Sunday? Yer better stop dis minute!'

Mammy was proud and delighted when she heard about the leaves, but she scolded

vigorously when Ninny told her he had stayed to church and Sunday school. ''Taint no place fer black folks,' she said, but when her little boy told her how nice it was, and how good every one had been to him, and what his teacher had said about going to church to worship God, she promised to see about his going again. 'Yer'll hab to hab cloes,' she said, and Ninny looked anxiously at his gaily patched trousers, as he said, 'She said dat cloes doan maik no diffrunce.

'Well, yer can't go till yer hab some,' mammy answered, and Ninny's heart was almost broken. He thought it would be a long time before he could have new clothes.

Mammy did see his teacher, and found that they wanted her little boy in the church very much. Three Sundays passed before he could go, however, and Ninny did not spend them in going fishing or nesting, but in trying as best he could to keep the day for God. Mammy found him having 'church' in the little back garden one Sunday. Nigel, the dog, and Queen of Sheba, the cat, were the congregation; a stone formed the pulpit, and Ninny, standing in a background of sunflowers and holybrooks, was the preacher. He was so engrossed with the bad behavior of the congregation, that he did not see mammy peeping at him over the lilac bush. Ninny's efforts to make his congregation behave in a proper manner were futile, so he went on with his sermon.

'God, he done maik eberyting—black folks and white folks, and he lubs 'em all de same. 'Taint no diffrunce to him what yer looks laik, he des lubs yer. Dere's de honey bee, she ain't so purty as de butterfly, all yellow and black, but God lubs 'em both de same, an' he wants black folks same as white folks to 'member de Sabbath day, 'cause he tells 'em to; and dis little black boy is goin' to do as he tells 'im. Queen er Sheba,' he said, looking as sternly as he could at the fat pussy, 'you want to 'member to let de birds be. How's dat bird yer chased dis mornin' goin' ter be keepin' de Sabbath when you won't let 'im alone?'

The sermon being ended, Ninny gave out a hymn, and the garden rang to the sound of 'Jesus lubs me, yes, Jesus lubs me,' and mammy stole away.

Ninny's teacher looked very happy when she heard how earnest the little boy was, and she said, taking mammy's black hands in hers, 'He has taught me a lesson I shall not forget. I and everything belonging to me shall keep Sabbath after this, and Ninny and I will walk to church.'—Prize Essay written for the 'Woman's National Sabbath Alliance.

Keeping Close to the Right Kind.

Whatever you do in life, make any sacrifice necessary to keep in an ambition arousing atmosphere, an environment that will stimulate you to self-development. Keep close to people who understand you, who believe in you, who will help you to discover yourself and encourage you to make the most of yourself. This may make all the difference to you between a grand success and a mediocre existence. Stick to those who are trying to do something and to be somebody in the world—people of high aims, lofty ambition. Ambition is contagious. You will catch the spirit that dominates in your environment. The success of those about you who are trying to climb upward will encourage and stimulate you to struggle harder if you have not done quite so well yourself.—Orison Swett Marden.

Helen's Lesson.

(Hilda Richmond.)

'But you can't wash dishes, baby,' said Helen. 'You are too little. Here, take this nice little plate to the dining-room for sister.'

'I won't!' said the little girl flatly. 'I want to wash the dishes. I think you're mean and stingy to keep the nice things for yourself.' I could stand on a chair just as well as not.'

'Are all children like that, mamma?' asked Helen, when five-year-old Maude had left the kitchen in disgust. 'Do they always want to do the things they cannot?'

'They usually do,' said the mother with a quiet smile. 'I have never seen any children yet who did not tease for impossible tasks.'

'Then I should think you would be very glad Dorothy and I are almost grown up,' said Helen. 'It must be a great trial to have three or four children coaxing to do things that they ought to know they cannot do.'

'I enjoy my children and always have at all ages,' said Mrs. Golden. 'It is only natural to want to do things beyond our reach and we never quite overcome the desire.'

'I have,' said Helen, complacently. 'I know exactly what I can do and try to do that well, but the impossible things I leave for others. I never could learn to play the piano, you know, so I have given up thumping the instrument entirely.'

'I'm not so sure about that,' said her brother. 'To-day I heard you telling the minister that your society might as well disband because it failed to endow the bed in the hospital. It looks to me like trying to do impossible things and leaving the little ones.'

'That is an entirely different case,' said Helen, loftily. 'The few little things we have been doing in the society don't count. What is it to put new psalm books in the church and do a little missionary work? The Church would attend to those things if we didn't. The hospital plan was one of real benefit, if the people had only responded.'

'I suppose Maude thought you would carry the dishes to the dining-room and do it a great deal faster than she could,' persisted Herbert. 'You can carry five times as many at once as she can, but that doesn't excuse her. O, I do the same things myself, but I don't brag that I have gotten so far ahead of poor little Maude. She would make a terrible mess of dishwashing, but not any more of one than you girls did trying to raise five hundred dollars for a hospital bed in our little village.' Herbert was a promising young law student who loved to argue with his young sister, but to-day she was vexed enough to weep into her dishpan of soapsuds at his words.

'Mamma, isn't Herbert unkind and unreasonable?' she appealed to her mother.

'My dear, he is only telling you the truth,' said the wise mother. 'You girls have given the minister a great deal of trouble trying to do impossible things instead of being content to help with the little, but you would not see it in that light. You can see that Maude is too little to wash the dishes, but you cannot understand why you and your friends should not undertake the things that belong to larger societies.'

'I'm not going to try or plan for anything again,' said Helen, highly offended. 'Everybody pours cold water and we might as well give up.'

'Just like Maude,' said Herbert, with a grin. 'Mother, aren't you thankful Helen doesn't act like a little girl?'

'She is going to try to grow up,' said Helen, laughing in spite of herself. 'Herbert, you are a mean tease, but I guess you keep your eyes open. Why didn't you tell me this long ago?'

'Tell you?' said the young man, with a look of mock despair. 'I have told you till my tongue is tired, but you wouldn't believe me. When you disband your society, allow me to respectfully suggest that you buy old Mrs. Frye a load of wood out of your hospital money. She is in need of a great deal of help.'

'We are going to disband,' said Helen, with energy. 'We are going to begin doing the little things right here under our eyes and gradually grow up to where we can undertake the big ones. Thank you for your lecture, Herbert.'

'Don't thank me. Thank Maude. Hello, Maudie! Back again, are you? Going to carry the dishes to the dining-room for sister, are you? That is a good girl. Some day you will be big enough to wash dishes and then you'll help, won't you? What brought you back?'

'It isn't nice to pout,' said the little girl. 'Mamma says nice little girls do as they are told and don't cry if they can't have their way all the time, but I forgot a little while ago. I'm sorry.'

'I forgot, too, dearie, but I'm going to try to remember,' said Helen, kissing the dear little face. 'We will help each other to remember.'—Selected.

A Royal Song of the King of Kings.

(Edward Shillito, in the 'British Congregationalist.')

Late in the day are the banners flying,
Late in the day are the trumpets blown,
The battle is set as the day seems dying
(How cold and dreary the light had grown!)
But at eve 'twill be light for the hosts that are crying,
'The Christ shall be King, and the Christ alone!'
And the sun shall halt, though the night winds be sighing,
Till the King from His exile shall come to His own.

'Give Him His own again!'—long has He waited,
Outposts afar let the watchword ring;
'Death to the foes who His glory have hated!'
(Late, so late!) the defiance fling!
Never the clamor of war be abated
Never a sword to its scabbard cling!
Oh the day is far-spent and the armies belated,
But night shall not fall till the Christ is King.

The Strength of the Nation.

Is it the effort of their lives to be chaste, knightly, faithful, holy in thought, lovely in word and deed? Indeed, it is, with some, not with many, and the strength of England is in them, and the hope; but we have to turn their courage from the toil of war to the toil of mercy; and their intellect from the dispute of words to discernment of things; and their knighthood from the errantry of adventure to the state and fidelity of a kingly power.—John Ruskin.

Work Loyally.

Just where you stand in the conflict
There is your place!
Just where you think you are useless
Hide not your face!
God placed you there for a purpose,
Whate'er it be;
Think He has chosen you for it—
Work loyally.

Gird on your armour! Be faithful
At toil or rest,
Whiche'er it be, never doubting
God's way is best.
Out in the fight, or on picket,
Stand firm and true;
This is the work which your Master
Gives you to do.

—'Christian Age.'

The Cultivation of a Cordial Nature.

The cultivation of cordiality and popularity in life will have a great deal to do with one's advancement, comfort, and happiness.

It is a mortifying thing to have a kindly feeling in the depths of one's heart, and yet not be able to express it, to repel people when one has just the opposite feeling toward them. To be incased in an icy exterior with a really warm heart is a most unfortunate thing.

Some people have a repelling expression in their faces and manner which is a constant embarrassment to them; but they do not seem able to overcome it. This is largely due to a lack of early training, or to the fact that sometimes these people have been reared in the country, away from the great centres of civilization, where they do not have the advantages of social intercourse, and in consequence become cold and appear unsympathetic when they are really the opposite.

It is a very difficult thing to overcome these handicaps; but the cultivation of good will, of a helpful spirit and kindly feeling toward everybody, will go far to open up the hard exterior so that the soul can express itself.—'Northwest Christian Advocate.'

He Had His Chance—He Won Out.

(Rev. Dr. F. E. Clark, President Christian Endeavor Society, in the 'Christian Endeavor World.'

It is well that the young people of the country should be reminded once more of one of the bravest and most unselfish souls who ever looked a horrible death in the fact, and then shouted in triumph: 'O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is they victory?

In Buenos Aires last April I was one day a guest at the dinner table of Rev. W. P. McLaughlin, D.D., pastor of the American Church in that far Southern city.

In that home the most treasured possession is a very curious memento—simply a piece of wooden plank, three or four feet long, perhaps a foot wide, and two inches thick.

On one side of that plank, surrounded by an ornamental scroll, are burned the words: 'I knew that I was following Christ and I could not do otherwise.'

That plank tells the whole splendid, tragic story.

Over that plank William Lancaster McLaughlin passed seventeen women and children to safety, while he stood on the burning end, putting out with his bare hands the flames that had caught the dresses of the victims, until he himself, his hands burned to a crisp, fell under an avalanche of dead bodies and was carried to the hospital, where he lived for a few hours in bodily agony, but in spiritual peace, and died with these words of victory on his lips:

'I know that I was following Christ, and I could not do otherwise.'

Let me recall the circumstances of this sublimely heroic act.

On the thirtieth of December, 1903, occurred one of the most awful tragedies in the history of America, the burning of the Iroquois Theatre, when nearly six hundred women and children perished in the flames.

During the performance at the matinee a young college sophomore was passing the building. He was only eighteen, strong, athletic, popular, and a brilliant scholar. He was the president of his class in Ohio Wesleyan University, a cadet in the military battalion of the university in which he had been promoted three times within two years.

He had just been chosen one of the eleven athletes of the university to go to Cleveland to contend in the 'big six' contest between the athletes of six universities.

He was, moreover, an earnest Christian, active in all the religious work of the college.

Life was sweet to him as to any manly boy of eighteen, and he had everything to live for that any mortal ever had.

On that fatal afternoon the last day but one of 1903, he was passing the theatre. He decided to look in, to see the audience room where his uncle, the eminent Dr. Gunsaulus, was to preach the next day.

He had scarcely got within when the dreadful cry of 'Fire, fire!' was raised. 'In five minutes that pleasure-palace—the newest and most magnificent in the metropolis of the West—was a charnel-house. Flames swept through balcony and gallery, and burning, overcome, suffocated, panic-stricken, thrown down, trampled upon, that imprisoned mass of doomed humanity met its fate.'

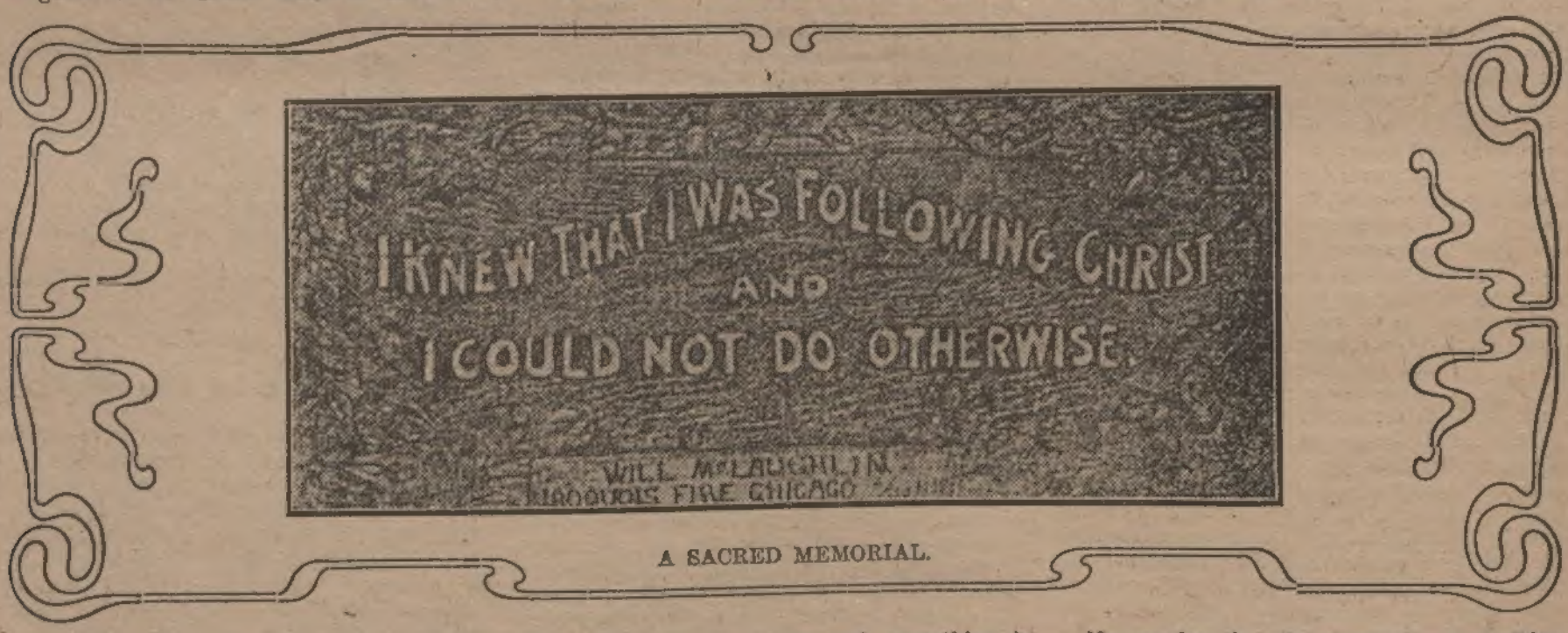
And that was young McLaughlin's 'chance!' He easily reached the fire escape opposite the third-story window of the Northwestern University law school.

Up to that moment he was unscorched. A dozen times he might have crossed the plank which was soon thrown across from the law school to the fire escape of the theatre but he would not. For more than five minutes he stood there, while the flames belched forth from the burning theatre, helping women and children across the narrow bridge to safety. At last he fell under a pile of bodies that came tumbling down the steel stairway from above, and was carried into the law school for treatment.

As the doctor approached him, McLaughlin raised his smoking hand, and said: 'I am going to die. Give your attention to the women and children, doctor; I am going to die, and I am prepared.'

He lingered for twenty-eight hours, and then went up to glory, borne on a chariot of fire and with horses of fire, as truly as ever Elijah was translated.

As he neared the end, his uncle, Dr. Gunsaulus, said to him: 'If you had lived a hundred years and preached all the while, you would not have had such a pulpit and such a supreme opportunity as the one you have had and used so valiantly.' He answered: 'I am glad that I did just what I did, but my poor little mother!'



A SACRED MEMORIAL.

No wonder that Dr. Gunsaulus in writing to his father said: 'If my own son had perished and written his name so incontestably and loftily among those of the soldier band of Jesus Christ, I would have been proud and thankful.'

No wonder that Dr. Hillis, and Bishop Fallows, and President Bashford, and hundreds of pulpits and newspapers eulogized him, and drew lessons from this heroic life and death.

He did not ask for these eulogies, or pose as a hero. He had only done his duty; 'Any other would have done the same,' he declared, for the true hero is always modest. But he had his chance, and he improved it.

'I have thought it all out,' he said as he neared the end. 'Some men get their chance at sixty; some get their chance at forty, some at thirty; but at eighteen I had my chance, and I won out. I am very happy.'

Dr. Albertson has beautifully expressed this thought in his 'Fragmentum Nobile,' published in the 'Interior' three years after the tragedy:

'His life is symboled by a broken stone
From dust of ancient Athens or of Troy,
Revealing, though a fragment, it was done
By master-hand. So, though but a boy,
And dying ere he reached the throne
Of years and plenitude of power,
He proved into what manhood he had grown
By one heroic and unconquerable hour.'

The Real Errol.

(By S. E. Winfield, in the 'Child's Hour.')

Peter was a small boy, slender as to legs, but quick as to wit, and full to bubbling over with fun and high spirits. If there was any mischief or frolic started, in school (I am sorry to say) or out of school, there was Peter in the midst of it, but always ready to take his share of punishment, when the fun passed too far and became wrong doing. And what is more, as big brother said, in praise of Peter, 'He never pitches into a boy who is weak or smaller than he is, and he never torments animals, and he runs all mother's errands, and he never tells a lie. What Peter says is so, you bank on, as to its being straight.' So Peter wasn't a very bad boy after all, only he was full of fun, and was all alive to the tips of his fingers and toes.

One day his mother said, as he was rushing round for his cap (and as usual, couldn't find it), 'Hurry home from school to-day, Peter, for we are going to have company.'

'Yum!' said Peter in hope, 'are the missionary ladies coming to tea again? Thought they were here last week, mumsey, not but I'd like "leavings" of their supper at right, again.'

'No, Peter, this is an aunt of yours, your father's sister, and her son, about your own age. You will have a nice time playing with him, son, if he is half as much as fond of fun as his mother was, when she was a girl.'

'That sounds good. What's his name, mum?'

'Errol, I think.'

'Oh, my! think of trying to have fun with anything named "Errol." He'll wear lace collars and curls, and call his mother "Dearest," the same as the boy did in the story, don't you remember, mum? Fauntleroy, that was it, he'll be a regular "sissy dear" of a boy.'

'Well you wait and see, son, perhaps he won't after all.'

But when Peter hurried home after school, he found his mother talking fast and eagerly with a merry faced, pretty little woman; while on a chair, holding a book in solemn state, sat a small boy with fair hair, and dressed in a velvet suit and lace collar.

'I said so, I knew so,' muttered Peter, as his mother drew him forward, to bring the two cousins together for the first time.

Somehow, however, the boy's face above the lace collar didn't look as girlish as it should have done, in order to go with the collar, and Peter took a liking to it at once. Also there was something in Peter's honest gray eyes, which found the right spot in the heart of Errol, and at once the two boys felt a friend-

ly feeling for each other, and to be friends, is to be more than just cousins.

Peter saw that the book which Errol held in his lap was one, the pictures of which he was only allowed to look at when his hands were very clean—and they were pictures which he liked to look at, so he said, 'say, let's put that book on a chair, and then we can both look at it.'

At once the book was put on the chair; and Errol, on a hassock, and Peter, on his knees, had both of their heads close together over its wealth of pictures.

'Isn't that a lovely dog,' piped Errol, pointing his finger at a picture.

'Yep, but it ain't any prettier than mine and oh, you ought to see the puppies, they are the teeniest, softest things you ever saw before!'

'I never saw a puppy, anyway,' said Errol.

'Wha-a-at?' gasped Peter sitting back on the floor. 'Never saw a puppy or little young pigeons or—say, mother, can't Errol come out to the barn and see the puppies and things? Just think he never, never saw a puppy.'

'What do you say, Nancy?' asked Peter's mother. 'From what I know of Peter's ways, your neat little boy will come in looking much the worse for his fun.'

Errol's mother looked at the two eager faces, and then with a merry twinkle of glee in her eyes, said,

'Much as yours and mine, eh, Betty? Yes, run along tots, Errol's clothes won't tear easily, and he has something a little better at home, if these get wholly ruined, only don't get hurt.'

That was a day for Errol to remember. He sat down in the straw and held the puppies, he climbed up in the mow and looked at the funny little new pigeons on their nests, he went down in the pasture and hunted for minnows, and waded in the brook, and he even hung over the pig-pen and scratched the old pig with the garden rake, this last being a pet delight of Peter when he was tired of other plays.

When the two boys came into supper, the lace collar was very much more under one ear than the other, the velvet suit was stuck over with burrs and hay (to say nothing of dirt smooches), the fair hair was touzled over his head, and no more did he look like the picture of a Lord Fauntleroy. After Errol and his mother had gone back to the city, on their way home, and Peter was being headed bedward, he opened his sleepy eyes enough to say:

'Say, mumsey, did you know that you can't tell a thing of what a boy is, by his clothes? Errol looked like a doll, but he could run and jump, when I made him, just like any other boy. I guess you have to really know anybody to tell what's inside 'em.'

'Jesus Loves Me.'

There was to be a Sunday School concert the next Sunday evening, and there was great excitement among the children, for many of them had been chosen to take part. The superintendent came up to the Primary Department.

'Are there any children here who are willing to sing?' he asked. Miss Howard seemed doubtful. Most of the children shook their heads. Mr. Haynes looked disappointed. In all that class of forty children not one of them would sing, even though they were helped, he thought.

'Will they sing together?' he asked. Miss Howard thought that they would.

Alice Boynton alone was willing to sing, and she raised her hand.

'What is it, Alice?' asked Miss Howard.

'I will sing alone,' the child said.

She was a beautiful child of about seven, and her hair hung in long curls to her waist. Her eyes were brown and looked so fearlessly at you! Her voice was sweet and clear, and she loved music better than anything else in the world. Her ear was quick and true, and after hearing a piece once she could sing it correctly. Miss Howard looked at the child and smiled.

'What will you sing, dear?'

Alice thought a moment: 'Jesus loves me,' she said, simply.

'You are a dear child,' said Mr. Haynes; 'He has given you a voice, and you can sing for Him.'

The other children appeared wistful, and were sorry then that they had not been willing to sing, for Mr. Haynes had spoken so kindly to Alice. All that week Alice practised with Miss Howard's sister, who played the organ in the primary room, and was ready when Sunday evening came to be in her place at Sunday School. The teacher noticed that she was quiet, which was rather unusual, for Alice was a bright, active child, but Miss Howard laid it to the fact that she felt the importance of her solo, which was to be given in the evening. But after Sunday School was over Alice went to Miss Howard and said to her in a childlike way:

'Miss Howard,' she hesitated for a moment, 'a week ago Mr. Haynes told me to sing for Jesus, but how can I?'

The child was naturally reserved, so Miss Howard wondered at her question. The teacher explained to her how she could.

'Just tell every one in the building that Jesus loves you, and that you are going to love Him.'

Alice listened and promised to tell every one in the building.

* * * * *

It was a quarter past seven and the children were waiting to march into the large room. There were only fifteen minutes before the concert was to begin. Alice seemed more beautiful than ever, and her cheeks were slightly flushed.

'Are you frightened, dear?' Miss Howard asked.

'No, Miss Howard,' she answered, 'I am going to——' but the sentence was cut short by a young girl about fifteen or sixteen opening the door hastily and coming in.

'Where is Helen Maxwell? Isn't Carrie coming? What shall we do? We can't sing our quartet, and it is so pretty! !'

'No, Carrie isn't coming; she sprained her ankle just as she was coming downstairs and I was just coming in to tell you,' said Helen, Carrie's younger sister.

'And to think that we were all here this afternoon, and practicing, too! It's just too bad! O dear, must we give it up? Oh, Miss Howard, do sing it with us; please do! !'

But Miss Howard shook her head.

'Why, I don't know it, and I couldn't anyway with all these children to look after, you know.' Katharine Barker looked the picture of despair.

'I can sing it, I know I can. I've often heard Carrie sing it, and I know I can. Please let me try,' Alice pleaded.

'No!' gasped the astonished Katharine. 'You! you silly child; how foolish you are, child!'

Alice turned away disappointed. Of course, she could not expect these grown-up girls to let her sing, but she knew that she could do it. But the bell had struck and the march was being played, so Alice turned her attention to the others who were forming in line. At last they were all seated.

'We will now listen to a solo by a member of one of our primary classes.'

Alice got up. Her cheeks were perfectly white, but her voice was clear and steady:

'Jesus loves me this I know
For the Bible tells me so.
Little ones to Him belong,
They are weak, but He is strong.'

Suddenly her attention was caught by the form of a rough-looking man, in shabby clothes, at the back of the building.

'I guess I will sing to him,' she thought, with childish interest. 'I'll tell him that Jesus loves him; perhaps he doesn't know it,' and Alice fixed her eyes on him.

All this came into her mind, as Miss Howard played the first few bars over. By the time Alice had reached the chorus she had forgotten all in the room except the man to whom she was to tell the good news. She sang the four verses and sat down. Still she could think of the one thing only. Did Jesus love that man? During the singing that followed Miss Howard slipped out of the room to the disappointed girls.

'I am sure that Alice can sing it with you. Just try her,' she said.

'But she will spoil it. No, we must give it up.' Miss Howard pleaded again.

'Well, I suppose we can try it; it won't make so much difference after all.'

Miss Howard sent word for Alice to come to her.

'I'll try,' she said.

'A quartet by some of the older members of the school. One of the number having met with an accident only an hour ago, of course, is prevented from coming, but a younger member of the school will try to fill her place.'

The look of astonishment as Alice took her place with the three girls was great, but it soon turned into one of wonder as the childish voice rang out sweet and true, 'Hark, hark, my soul.' How did she know when to come in with her part? Even the three girls began to be fearless, and they were sorry when the song was over.

'How did you ever do it, Alice?' every one asked.

The building was crowded, and many chairs were in the aisles.

'Why, I just sang!' she said, simply. Mr. Haynes came over and spoke to her.

'Alice,' he said, 'you did use your voice for Jesus to-night. He loves you so much.'

Alice smiled. 'I was a little frightened,' she said. But she seemed to be in a hurry to reach the door. She stopped by the man whom she had seen when she was singing.

'Jesus loves you,' she said, earnestly.

'Guess not, little girl,' he said, 'I'm too bad. I used to love Him, though,' he added.

'The Bible tells you so,' Alice said. The man moved away, but he did not forget the child's voice. All night it rang in his ears.

* * * * *

Alice went to bed excited and happy to think that those big girls had let her sing with them. Her father and mother kissed her good-night and told her that they were so glad that she could help them out.

But Alice said: 'I'm glad that I live in a big house, 'cause I can learn to sing for Jesus, who gave me a voice.'

* * * * *

A year later a strange man came into the Sunday School and was shown into the Bible class. His eyes wandered over the school, restlessly, as if hunting for some one. At last when the lesson was over, Mr. Haynes happening to pass by the class, the man asked him if a certain child was in the school still that sang 'Jesus loves me.'

Mr. Haynes told him 'yes,' that the primaries would march out into the large room, and he could then see her. Alice came with the others as she always did. The man went to the same place where he had stood a year ago. Alice was going to pass him by, but he stopped her.

'You sang just a year ago "Jesus loves me," and I know now that He does love me, and I love Him.'

Alice looked delighted.

'Always keep on singing, little girl, and you'll make people love Him.' Alice smiled and said:

'I shall always sing for Jesus, because now I am sure He wants me to. I sang just for you that time!'—New York 'Observer.'

The Art of Self-defence.

'Have you ever studied the art of self-defence?' said a young fellow to a man of magnificent physique and noble bearing.

The elder man looked at his questioner with a quiet smile, and then answered thoughtfully:

'Yes, I have studied and practised it.'

'Ah!' said the other eagerly. 'Whose system did you adopt?'

'Solomon's,' was the reply.

Somewhat abashed, the youth stammered out:

'Solomon's! What is the special point of his system of training?'

'Briefly this,' replied the other: '"A soft answer turneth away wrath."'

For the moment the young man felt an inclination to laugh, and looked at his friend anxiously to see whether he was serious. But a glance at the accomplished athlete was enough; and soon a very different set of feelings came over the youth as his muscular companion added, with a quiet emphasis:

'Try it.'—'S. S. Times.'

LITTLE FOLKS

Little Things.

It was only a little thing for Nell
To brighten the kitchen fire,
To spread the cloth, to draw the tea,
As her mother might desire—
A little thing, but her mother smiled,
And banished all her care.
And a day that was sad
Closed brighter and glad,
With a song of praise and prayer.

'Twas only a little thing to do
For a sturdy lad like Ned
To groom the horse, to milk the cow,
And bring the wood from the shed;
But his father was glad to find at night
The chores were all well done.
'I am thankful,' said he,
'As I can be,
For the gift of such a son.'

Only small things, but they brighten the life,
Or shadow it with care;
But little things, yet they mold a life
For joy or sad despair;
But little things, yet life's best prize,
The reward which labor brings,
Comes to him who uses,
And not abuses,
The power of little things.

—'S. S. Messenger.'

Naming the Ship.

(By Alice Turner Curtis, in the 'Youth's Companion.')

'A long time ago, when I was a little boy,' began Grandfather Alden, 'there used to be shipyards, where vessels were built, very near my father's house. And one year there was a ship built there and named 'Robin.' Now you little people can't guess why she was named for a bird.'

Doris, who was not quite five, owned at once that she could not guess. Indeed, she thought to herself that it was very silly to try when grandfather knew and would surely tell her; but Robert was two years older, and was full of guesses.

'He named her 'Robin' so she would fly through the water,' he ventured.

'That would have been a very good reason, but it isn't the right one,' responded grandfather, smilingly. 'I will tell you the story. While the ship was being built a bird began to build her nest well up toward the bow. The men worked round her nest, hammered and planked, but she did not mind. When children came down into the shipyard the carpenters would tell them about this nest, and I remember being lifted up to see the four little eggs in it. Then there came a day when the eggs hatched, and there were four young robins, and in a few weeks flew the mother with her little family.

'That very week another bird built a nest over on the starboard side, and reared four more young ones. The owner of the ship was so interested that he hung up the planking till the last one was hatched out. Then when the last small bird came, the vessel was finished, and was named the 'Robin.'

'What became of the ship?' questioned Robert.

'She sailed off across the seas,' replied grandfather, 'and I have heard was always a very fortunate vessel, as she ought to be, because she was built by a good man, who respected the rights even of a family of birds.'

'How did the mother robin know about the ship?' asked Doris.

'Oh, I expect a little bird told her,' replied grandfather, laughingly.

Scarecrows.

'Little Folks.'

Such a hurry, flitter, flutter,
Birdies, come and see
What this strange old creature is
'Neath the willow-tree;
Tall Giles Morgan put it there,
Chuckling, 'Now all thieves beware.'
Crow and starling, blackbird, thrush,
Even rabbits make a rush;
'Stuff! to think we do not know,
Farmer from his own scarecrow.'
A ragged coat, and an old hat,
Much we birdies care for that,
Two bent wooden pegs,
Not at all like a farmer's legs;
Dick thinks it will be best
In the hat to build our nest,
Save us both a deal of trouble,
For the brim is almost double,
Dicky finds, this bright hot weather,
Odds and ends of wool and feather;
And a nest will quickly grow,
Snugly hid in Giles' scarecrow;
Where we soon hope chicks to see,
Pretty darlings, one, two, three.

Jennie Wren.

('Band of Mercy.')

A happy little Jennie Wren
Had built herself a nest;
'Twas snugly roofed and all inside
With soft warm feathers drest—
It was a pretty sight to see
Her hopping in and out the tree.

And here she laid her dainty eggs,
Nor grudged them loving care,
For by and bye she looked to have
Dear little nestlings there—
And as she fluttered to and fro,
'Twas good to hear her chirping low.

The children on their way from school,
Though wild with fun and glee,
Would lightly tread and hush their mirth
To peep into the tree—
They took it turn by turn—and then
Threw down some crumbs for Jennie Wren.

But one day, having sought for food,
On flying home again,
Poor Jennie could not find her house,
She sought and sought in vain—
The cruel truth must be confessed:
Someone had stolen her pretty nest.

Long, long she sat with folded wing,
And head down-dropped from pain,
Then something whispered in her heart,
'Dear Jennie, try again'—
So off she flew to do her best
To build herself another nest.

—Lizzie Deas.

Mr. and Mrs. Mink and the Little Minks.

The Minks are a very fine family, and people are glad to see them. Some of their cousins are called Sables, and others Ermines, and all have pretty and costly clothes. The mother Mink is a beautiful brown creature, with a very long tail, about as large as an English hare, quite slender and graceful. All the Minks and Martens wear two fur coats, one above the other. The under one is short and woolly, and sticks close to the skin, keeping its wearer warm in coldest weather, and dry in deepest water.

The outer coat has long, glossy hair which throws off the rain, as does the thatch of a cottage.

When our boys and girls want to bathe in the sea they must take lots of trouble, wear a special bathing dress, and be careful not to take cold nor to spend too much time dressing and undressing.

The little Minks and Martens and their numerous cousins can spend as much time as they please in the water. Their costly fur dresses can stand all sorts of mud and dirt and water. All they have to do when tired of their bath is to shake themselves and run about in the sunshine and they are all right again.

These happy little people live on fish and have a great fun in catching them. They catch the fish as they need them, and seem perfectly satisfied; but now and then a special dainty in shape of a good, fat frog or sleek, shining lizard comes in their way, and then there is wonderful commotion. And I am sorry to say that these good little fisherfolk quarrel and fight just like any other common wild creatures.—E. A. Matthews in the 'Child's Hour.'

The King and the Child.

(By Cousin Beth.)

Once upon a time there lived a great and wonderful king. He was most powerful and very rich, so that his palace was of marble and had many gorgeous rooms. His servants wore very beautiful clothes. The king himself always wore garments of spotless white, while his face shone brighter far than his dazzling raiment. As he rode forth in his golden chariot, men whose hearts were full of evil could not look him full in the face, for his eyes seemed to read their very souls. They bent their heads when he passed and looked only at the ground.

But when men's hearts were clean they looked at the dazzling king and often he smiled at them—such a smile as stayed with them weeks at a time. As they walked the streets, often that smile would come back to them, and as they thought of it, people who passed them would wonder why their faces were shining so brightly.

One day one of these men whose hearts were clean, saw a crippled child. He stopped a moment before the child and then he heard the chariot and saw the white horses and knew that the king was coming.

He said almost without knowing that he spoke, 'See, the king is here.' But the child only shook his head and said, 'I cannot see'—and then the man saw the tiny crutches and thought 'he is lame, too!'

Then the chariot stopped, and the king's voice called out, 'Is the child in trouble?' And the man told the king that the child was both blind and lame, and as he came near the chariot he added, 'I doubt if he has a home, for he is begging in wretched rags.'

The king had the child brought to his palace. He had him washed and clothed in fresh clean clothes, doctors gave him his sight, and his lameness was cured. Most of all the king found a home for the child—a home where love reigned.

The child was not a good child, for listen—he never thanked the king either for his sight, his health, his good clothes, or most of all, his home where love and peace reigned! Have you sight, and health, and clothing, and a good home? Have you forgotten to thank your king? —'Christian Intelligence.'

The Selfish Bears.

One day, while sightseeing in New York, we visited Bronx Park. There were many different kinds of animals there, but the bears interested me the most.

There was a long row of cages for them, each cage containing a different species. In the first cage lived a large white polar bear. He was swimming in his water tank, and oh, how he did enjoy himself!

He would dive in one side and then swim under water until he reached the other side; then he would dive again and swim back. After he had repeated this performance two or three times he would come out of the water and shake himself, run back and forth in his cage, and then jump into his tank again.

Soon the keepers came to feed the bears. They knew it was time for their dinner, and they called the keepers by their growls. When the keepers came to the cage of the grizzly bears they threw in about two dozen loaves of bread, but the bears did not deign to touch them. Next some tomatoes were thrown in, but the bears did not eat those either. But when the keepers threw in some fish they all rushed for them and gobbled them up. Next they ate the tomatoes and then the bread. One bear carried two loaves of bread in his mouth and shoved one loaf with his paws into a corner and sat on it so the other bears couldn't get it. Another bear carried his loaves over to the tank and dropped them in the water to soften them, and when they were water-soaked he ate them. One big bear carried his loaves, one by one, up on top of the cave, and when he had four or five stowed away in the rocks for future use he came down and tried to get bread away from the other bears. I think they were very selfish bears; don't you? —'Tribune.'

Don't Begin.

Once there was a little fly who saw a spider's web in the corner of a room. 'I will keep away from it,' he thought; 'for if I should get one foot in it I might get two, and soon I would be caught altogether.' Wasn't that a wise little fly?

In the same room was a little girl who had broken a vase. Something whispered in her ear, 'Hide the pieces and don't tell mother.'

'No, no!' said she. 'If I should deceive mother once, I might again, and pretty soon I should be telling wrong stories. I just won't begin.' Wasn't she a wise little girl?—Maytlower.

HOUSEHOLD.

'The Greatest of These is Charity.'

(By Graham Hood.)

In urging the early Christians to be charitable above all things, the apostle proved that he clearly recognized the importance of this quality in the general scheme of righteous living. In his consideration of the several characteristics which he desired his hearers to possess he selected three which were of prime importance. Of these, they might safely be trusted to have faith; their possession of hope, too, might be reasonably certain for hope then, as now, was the mainspring in every breast; but, then, there was charity, and of charity he was not so certain. So he calmly proceeded to emphasize its importance by making it the greatest of all the qualities which man should strive to obtain, and, although some two thousand years have elapsed, his teachings as to the necessity of charity are needed almost as badly to-day as they were at that time, for it is doubtful if there is any word in the English language that is more generally misunderstood.

For example, there are now many men who are so sure that charity is nothing more than a synonym for philanthropy that they feel quite certain that they have complied with the law to its last letter when they have given a little money to beneficent purposes. Satisfied in this regard, they go about their business, every day giving ample evidence that such a quality as charity has no existence in their heart, for while charity does mean philanthropy, it also means that it is our duty to assist one another in every manner possible. Assistance with financial contributions is one method in which we can show our charity, but that is not the only method. To clothe the poor, to feed the hungry, to minister to the sick, are all right so far as they go, but they are little more than the primary lessons, the A-B-C's of charity. The man who builds a hospital for the poor and who drives his employees to the verge of desperation by his unnecessary severity is not a charitable man. The woman who contributes her share to the support of home missions and who then, during a moment of idle gossip, lets drop some hint that may be derogatory to the reputation of another woman, is not charitable. She may have given her money to relieve the needy, but she may also have blasted a reputation, and by which deed is her character best defined? Liberality to the poor is well enough and deserves its reward, but the disposition to think well of others is of vastly greater importance.

If you are an employer of help and want to be charitable give your check to the institutions, if you like, but begin your real charity at home. The check may have cost you little money, and there may be lots more where it came from, but to carry your charity into the actual affairs of business and social life will cause considerable mental effort and, perhaps, some physical energy; for it is not easy for one whose life has been cast in a cold-hearted and selfish mould to assume the role of charity at a moment's notice.

If you are a woman and desire to be charitable, the ability to think well of others is one of the first qualities that you must cultivate. Next is the ability to hold your tongue, for charity cannot exist in the heart of one who delights in repeating the evil things which she has heard about her neighbors. If you must talk about other people, why not try to find pleasing things to tell about them. Speak of those admirable qualities which you may know they possess, and that would elevate them in the affection and esteem of others.

In a word, therefore, the act of being charitable implies that one is actuated by a spirit of good will and love in one's treatment of all other people, and just so far as we fall short of this mark we fail to obey the law, for the fact that we have given of our substance to the extent of our means—right and just as such acts may have been—does not excuse us from complying with the law which specifies that almsgiving is but the first step toward the attainment of true charity.—'Globe and Commercial Advertiser.'

HEARTY PRAISE.

For Canada's Popular Illustrated Monthly.

The following tributes from subscribers and others give some little idea of the place the 'Canadian Pictorial' has made for itself in public favor:

The 'Canadian Pictorial' just received from you is excellently produced, both as regards the illustrations and letter-press, and makes a highly interesting record of Canadian life.—P. M. MacIntyre, 12 India St., Edinburgh, Scot.

Every number of the 'Canadian Pictorial' is certainly a treat.—G. W. Dunning, Principal Public School, Riceville, Ont.

The illustrated monthly, the 'Canadian Pictorial,' although but a short while in existence, has already made a name for itself by the excellence and timely nature of its illustrations.—'Outlook,' Bay Roberts, Nfld.

With renewal to 'Canadian Pictorial' and two new subscriptions:—

'I think a great deal of the 'Pictorial.' It's Canadian! The pictures are grand.—Alex. E. Forsyth, Mille Roches, Ont.

May I congratulate you on the excellence of the 'Pictorial,' and the high class work put on its pages?—Andrew Baird, Windsor Public Library, Windsor, Ont.

The 'Canadian Pictorial' at $1.00 a year is surely worth the money and more.—'Hants Journal,' Windsor, N.S.

'I do not know how to express my pleasure for the 'Pictorial.' The grandchildren also are delighted with it.'—Mrs. John S. Crowe, Vancouver, B.C.

Accept thanks for kindness in sending the 'Canadian Pictorial' so promptly. I am much pleased with the periodical, as the photographs are so well executed and so interesting. Such a publication has been much needed in this country, and should be appreciated by all true Canadians.—Mrs. Bidwell Way, Hamilton, Ont.

I enclose herewith a cheque for which kindly send the 'Pictorial' for one year to the following persons:— . . . . Many of my subscribers think that 'The Land of the Maple' is very elaborately and also very genuinely represented in the 'Pictorial' interesting and instructive pages.—Arthur LeGrand, Paspebiac West, Que.

'I dearly love the 'Pictorial,' and feel I cannot get along without it. I have shown it to all my friends, and shall do my best to induce others to take it.'—M. E. Armitage, Marysville, Ont.

The 'Canadian Pictorial' contains in every issue a very fine collection of Canadian illustrations. Printed on good paper, they are a nice collection of views to have bound.—'The News,' Lunenburg, N.S.

From an Ontario subscriber:—

Would it be possible to obtain a complete set up-to-date of the 'Canadian Pictorial?'

I had mine from the first issue of October, '06, and valued them much. In a weak moment I was prevailed upon to lend them. A remnant of them has just been returned in a soiled and tattered condition. If they are obtainable, I am willing, if you so wish, to pay double price for them.

The 'Canadian Pictorial' is the brightest of the Canadian publications to-day and a most welcome arrival in our home.—Geo. W. Riseborough, Blenheim, Ont.

The 'Canadian Pictorial' is a handsomely printed magazine, and deserves the hearty support of Canadians.—'The Record,' Oakville, Ont.

Canadian Pictorial

CANADA'S Popular ILLUSTRATED.

THE MAY NUMBER
WILL DELIGHT EVERYONE
WATCH FOR IT.

A charming picture of May-day frolic will form the subject of the 'Canadian Pictorial' cover for May. The full-page frontispiece shows the Hon. H. H. Asquith, the new British Premier. 'Getting the ground ready for seeding in Manitoba,' 'Farming by Wholesale,' form the subject of some interesting views. Another shows some fine British settlers on their way to new homes in Saskatchewan. British Columbia is represented by some magnificent parliament buildings, while a Doukhobor village in the West is timely in view of recent movements among these strange people. Britons everywhere are always interested in the historic annual boat race between Oxford and Cambridge, and will be glad to see a picture of the Cambridge crew, this year's winners. Not less interesting, especially to the young folks, will be 'Pancake Day' in an English public school. A roadside shrine in rural Quebec, and the Wolfe-Montcalm monument on the Plains of Abraham, form the subject of a couple of other pictures. In the Women's Dept. there is a cut of the Canadian woman who founded Empire Day, of the new Duchess of Devonshire, who spent part of her girlhood in Ottawa, and of Lady Tilley, president of the Woman's Club of St. John, N.B. Fashions of the Month, The Toilet, The Baby, Housekeeping, etc., have their usual place in a most delightful number, which must be seen to be appreciated.

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(For "Special Family Club," see page 15)

Unawares.

(F. R. Sydenham, Ont., in the 'Farmers Advocate.')

They said—'The Master is coming
To honor the town to-day,
And no one can tell at what house or home
The Master will choose to stay.'
Then I thought while my heart beat wildly—
'What if He should come to mine?
How would I strive to entertain
And honor the Guest divine?'

And straight I turned to toiling,
To make my home more neat—
I swept, and polished, and garnished—
And decked it with blossoms sweet.
I was troubled, for fear the Master
Might come ere my task was done,
And I hastened and worked the faster,
And watched the hurrying sun.

But right in the midst of my duties,
A woman came to my door:
She had come to tell me her sorrow.
And my comfort and aid to implore.
And I said—'I cannot listen
Or help you any to-day,
I have greater things to attend to,'
And the pleader went away.

But soon there came another—
A cripple, thin, pale and grey,
And said—'Oh! let me stop and rest
A while in your home, I pray;
I have travelled far, since morning,
I am hungry, and faint and weak,
My heart is full of misery,
And comfort and help I seek.'

And I said—'I am grieved and sorry,
But I cannot keep you to-day.
I look for a great and a nobler Guest,'
And the cripple turned away.
And the day wore onward swiftly,
And my task was nearly done,
And a prayer was ever in my heart,
'That the Master to me might come.'

And I thought I would spring to meet Him
And treat Him with utmost care:
When a little child stood by me
With a face so sweet and fair—
Sweet, but with marks of teardrops,'
And his clothes were tattered and old,
A finger was bruised and bleeding,
And his little bare feet were cold.

And I said—'I am sorry for you,
You are sorely in need of care,
But I cannot stop to give it,
You must hasten otherwhere.'
And at the words, a shadow
Swept over his blue-veined brow,
'Someone will feed and clothe you, dear,
But I am too busy now.'

At last the day was ended,
And my toil was over and done,
My home was swept and garnished,
And I watched in the dusk, alone.
Watched, but no footfall sounded;
No one paused at my gate;
No one entered my cottage door;
I could only pray, and wait.

I watched till night had deepened
And the Master had not come.
'He has entered some other door,' I cried,
'And gladdened some other home.'
My labor had been for nothing,
And I bowed my head and wept,
My heart was sore with longing;
Yet, spite of all I slept.

Then the Master stood before me
And His face was grave and fair,
'Three times to-day I came to your door,
And craved your pity and care;
Three times you sent me onward,
Unhelped and uncomforted,
And the blessing you might have had was lost,
And your chance to serve has fled.'

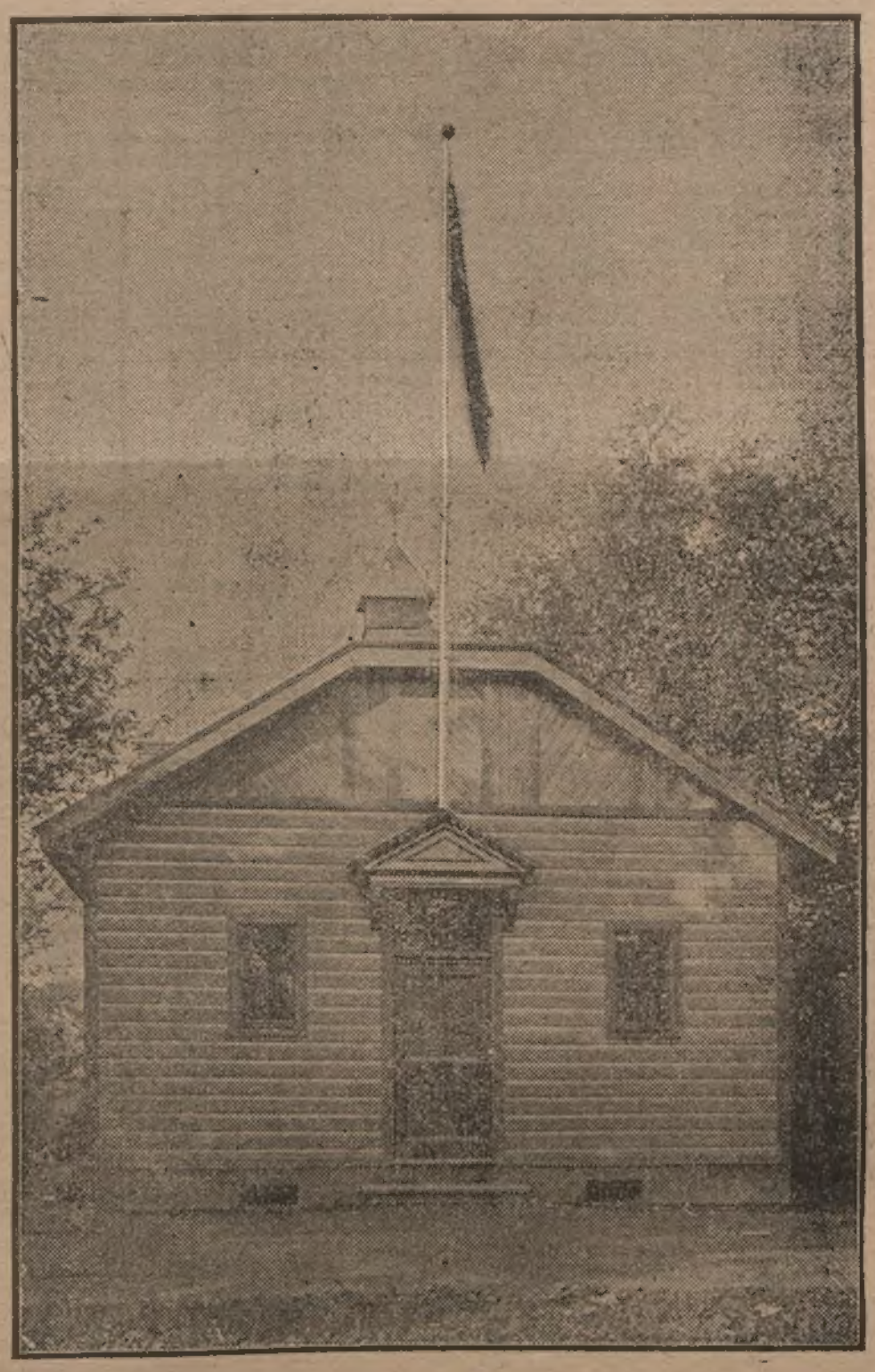
'Oh! Lord, dear Lord, forgive me,
How could I know 'twas Thee?'
My soul was shamed and bowed
In the depths of humility.
And He said—'The sin is pardoned,
But the blessing is lost to thee;
For failing to comfort the least of Mine,
You have failed to comfort Me.'

FLAGS
FOR
Empire Day

Many Young Canadians Busy.

The opening of the 'Witness' Flag Department has stirred up many who have long wanted to possess a really good flag, and have always meant to get one some time. Now with a handsome flag within reach, WITHOUT A CENT OF OUTLAY, these loyal Canadians are taking steps to secure one for themselves—either for home, or for schoolhouse, or perchance to present with appropriate ceremonies to the town for the public hall. There is nothing tends to foster a broad-minded spirit of patriotism, a sense of the duties and responsibilities of citizenship, like really doing something for the state, and the presentation of a flag would be within the reach of all. Even the youngest could help.

If time does not permit the securing of a flag for Empire Day, still there is the school closing ahead—or in some cases school opening; and there is Dominion Day and the great Quebec Tercentenary in the summer, when every Canadian home and school will want its flag if at all possible. So start at once, the sooner the better.



Schoolhouse at Mount Royal Vale, Quebec With its Fine Three Yard Flag.

The cut we give to-day shows another Canadian school proud of the flag its young pupils won through the 'Witness.' Highest praise for our flag comes in from all over the country. We know you will be more than pleased if you get one of our flags. They are all Canadian ensigns of best wool bunting, imported direct from one of the best British makers, and are strongly sewn, bound with canvas and fittel with rope and toggle, all ready to hoist. Sizes to suit all.

Drop a post-card to our Flag Department TO-DAY and let us tell you all about our plan, and send you a package of our pretty flag cards to help you interest others. This offer open to EVERYONE. Address Flag Department, John Dougall & Son, 'Witness' Block, Montreal.

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219

A Home Song.

(Henry van Dyke, in 'Country Life.')

I turned an ancient poet's book,
And found upon the page:
'Stone walls do not a prison make,
Nor iron bars a cage.'

Yes, that is true, and something more:
You'll find where'er you roam,
That marble floors and gilded walls
Can never make a home.

But every house where Love abides
And Friendship is a guest,
Is surely home, and home, sweet home,
For there the heart can rest.

A Good Day.

A woman smilingly said to her husband one morning as he started to his place of business, 'I hope this will be a good day for you, dear, good in the highest meaning of the word.'

Mr. Wilson smiled at the little woman in return and carried the picture of her bright face and the music of her sweet voice to the office.

Shortly after his arrival, the junior partner, Bertrand Manley, came in, a worried expression on his face.

'Good morning, old boy,' said the senior with a smile. 'I believe we are going to have a splendid day.'

Junior at once felt as if a burden had been lifted from his shoulders and it was not long before he was softly whistling his favorite tune while looking over some of the business papers, and it seemed that the matter which had been worrying him was but a trivial affair after all, and very easily remedied.

'Miss Gordon,' said Mr. Wilson later, 'How would you like to have your desk moved over by the window where the light is better?'

'O, thank you,' was the happy response, and the stenographer was unusually cheerful all day long, although she had left home that morning wondering if it would be possible for her to hold the position another week because of the pain in her eyes. 'Now,' she said to herself, 'I shall have no further trouble and shall be enabled to do better work. I shall certainly take special pains with it, for Mr. Wilson is so thoughtful.'

'Johnny, could you make use of another dollar each week?' asked the senior during he day to the office boy.

'How—wh—what do you mean, Mr. Wilson?' the lad stammered.

'Do you think if we added another dollar to your wages that you could take care of it?'

'O, yes, sir,' answered Johnny, striving to hide the tears in his eyes, 'thank you.'

'Bess, I tell you what, Dick Wilson is a splendid man. He certainly made the sky look brighter to-day by his cheery manner,' said Mr. Manley to his wife that evening.

'Something has certainly helped you, dear,' was the response. 'You are looking so much better than you did this morning.'

'Mamma, my work has been so much easier to-day. Mr. Wilson gave me a place where the light is perfect and he has been so kind. Sunshine is worth everything, isn't it, mamsie, dear?'

'Yes, child, and you are like a ray of sunshine yourself this evening. It does me good just to look at you.'

'Mother, mother!' cried Johnny, scarcely waiting to take off his cap, 'guess what happened. Mr. Wilson said they would pay me a dollar more a week and now you won't have to do Mrs. Brown's washing any more. Beside, I've made up my mind to study when I haven't anything else to do, and I'm going to be a partner in that business some day, see if I am not.'

'My son, I am proud of you and I am sure you will grow up to be a good, honest man.'

These are but a few of the good vibrations which Mr. Wilson set in motion that day just because of the encouraging words and he bright smile of a little woman. Where the vibrations will stop, if they ever do, in their splendid work, no one can tell, and it is so easy for any of us to do a little of this sort of missionary work that we cannot afford to allow the opportunity to pass.—Alice M. Long, in the 'Balance.'

It seems selfish, you say, to enjoy your blessings when there aren't enough to go round among all your fellow beings. Why, my dear fellow, that's the only way to make them go round.—Samuel M. Crothers.

Presents or Cash For BOYS who have Spare Energy

Watches—Cameras—Knives, etc., etc.

Boys should call at our office and see the valuable presents or drop us a post card for our list of just the kind of things boys most want, and that we give away for selling a few copies of the **"Canadian Pictorial."** Come and see them anyway, or let us tell you about them. School boys and message boys can earn good money evenings on our plan. You have a particularly good opportunity if no one seems to be selling in your neighborhood. Act quickly. Address JOHN DOUGALL & SON, Witness Bldg., Montreal, Agents for the 'Canadian Pictorial.'

'MESSENGER' PATTERNS

FOR THE BUSY MOTHER.

NO. 1182—BOY'S BLOUSE.

The little lad, with his blouses of brown serge, and chemisette or shield, simulating a soft negligee shirt, made of white wash flannel, is an attractive figure when out for his morning walk. Blouses are blouses, in whatever form made, and there must be some distinctive feature if one is more noticeable than another. In this case it is the shield front, with turnover collar of the material doubled, that gives the stylish touch. A few rows of brown soutache are on the edges of collar, cuffs, pocket and belt, and knickerbockers may be worn or not, as preferred, but are not included with the blouse pattern, that is in two sizes only, two and four years. Serges are very satisfactory for the hard wear given such garments, but any of the wools, linens or cottons usually made up for the small boy will be suitable, made by this pattern (No. 1182) and two and three-eighth yards of 27-inch, or one and three-eighths yards of 44-inch materials, will be required for a four-year size.

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Christ has come to live in the hearts of men, and by that presence he makes them priests unto himself.—Rev. H. I. Rasmus.

Reliance.

(Henry van Dyke, in the 'Atlantic.')

Not to the swift, the race;
Not to the strong, the fight;
Not to the righteous, perfect grace;
Not to the wise, the light.

But often faltering feet
Come surest to the goal,
And they who walk in darkness meet
The sunrise of the soul.

A thousand times by night
The Syrian hosts have died;
A thousand times the vanquished right
Has risen glorified.

The truth the wise man sought
Was spoken by a child;
The alabaster bowl was brought
In trembling hands defiled.

Nor from my torch, the gleam
But from the stars above;
Not from our hearts, life's crystal stream,
But from the depths of Love.

Helpful Hints.

A quick polish for furniture, both non-injurious and readily applied, is composed of two parts olive oil to one of vinegar. Apply with a soft cloth, rubbing briskly.

Here is an English receipt for polishing furniture. Shave yellow beeswax into enough turpentine to make it of the consistency of paste. When it is dissolved apply with a soft flannel rag to a part of the surface to be polished. Rub vigorously.

Paint should never be scrubbed, but wiped with a soft woollen cloth diped in warm water. A slight touch of sand soap may be used on a stubborn stain. Dry with a piece of flannel cloth after a good rinsing.

If you are hoarse, lemon juice squeezed onto soft sugar till it is like a syrup, and a few drops of glycerine added, relieves the hoarseness at once.

A candle may be made to fit any candlestick if it be dipped into very hot water. This softens the wax, and it may then be easily pushed into a candlestick which otherwise would be too small, and it will be neatly and firmly held.

The black walnut tables of sewing machines can be kept in good condition by rubbing them with a cloth moistened with kerosene oil. Any piece of oiled furniture can be thus improved but it must not be used on varnish.

A simple way of cleaning ivory is as follows: Get some bicarbonate of soda and some hot water. Dip the brush into the water and then into the soda, and rub the ivory with it.

To Remove Paint from Muslin: Soak the spots in a strong solution of soda and water for twenty-four hours. At the end of this time the paint will often have disappeared, but if it has not, wet the material in turpentine and lay it in the sun for several hours. Wet again and repeat this until every trace of the paint is removed. Green paint seems especially hard to remove, but 'if at first you don't succeed, try, try again;' as I did when my daughter, in a fresh white dress, ran against a newly painted screen door, and had entire success—this sounds as if I meant she had success in covering herself with paint, which she did, but the crowning success was mine in removing the paint by using the above process.

It doesn't cost much to paint. That is if you get Ramsay's Paints—known for over sixty years as the foremost house paints in Canada. Your dealer has just received a large stock. He will tell you all about them and show you the splendid color cards. Write A. Ramsay & Son Co., Montreal, for designs No. 5, showing painted homes.—Advt.

The Other Side of Sacrifice.

Where shall self-sacrifice end? The subject was discussed the other day by a group of friends whose views were not altogether harmonious. One or two were of the opinion that there could be no limit to duty in the line of denial and sacrifice of one's health, strength and comfort to one's next of kin or one's neighbors and friends. Others thought that there was weakness in not considering duty to one's self. 'Take, for example,' said Mrs. A., 'the case of Hortense L. Hortense is in her early forties, unmarried and rapidly breaking in health. She is the oldest of a family who lean on her with all their weight, who leave her the hardest things to do, the care of invalids, the drudgery, the chief burden of the housekeeping and sewing, while they go merrily forward, availing themselves of the best they find and never seeing that they are slowly killing their sister. When Hortense left school she was a beautiful and brilliant girl. She began at once to bend her neck to the yoke and her shoulders to the loads that were to be carried. Now she is calmly pushed aside, her married sisters and brothers assume that she will be at their call whenever they need her, her invalid mother requires a thousand attentions and her youngest sister who was graduated last week looks upon Hortense as an old woman. The whole thing is very unfair.'

'Yes,' said Mrs. W., 'what you say may be true, but you overlook the beauty of Hortense's character as it is seen by the recording angel. Think what loveliness of spirit she has gained, what self-control, what tenderness and patience while giving herself so freely for the benefit of those she loves. Do you not imagine that when she lies down at night she has a special blessing and comfort to repay her for what she has resigned?'

Mrs. A. shook her head. 'When she lies down at night, poor Hortense is so tired that she either sleeps like a log or cannot sleep for hours. I have never been able to see that there was any great value to the one most concerned in the sweetness that comes from the injustice of other people.'

Both ladies were partly right and partly wrong. Injustice in home life may lead to elevation of character in those who are its victims, but it leads with equal directness to deterioration in the moral tone of those who profit by it. Exceptional instances are found when there seems absolutely no help for the caretaker when an invalid is for years shut in by illness and feebleness, and the caretaker has been known to droop and fall by the way and to die first. It has then been discovered that some one else could take her place. The question is not one that can be settled in an arbitrary manner, but it seems as though in ordinary human experience there ought to be an end to self-sacrifice and a place for equal rights and justice.—'Christian Intelligencer.'

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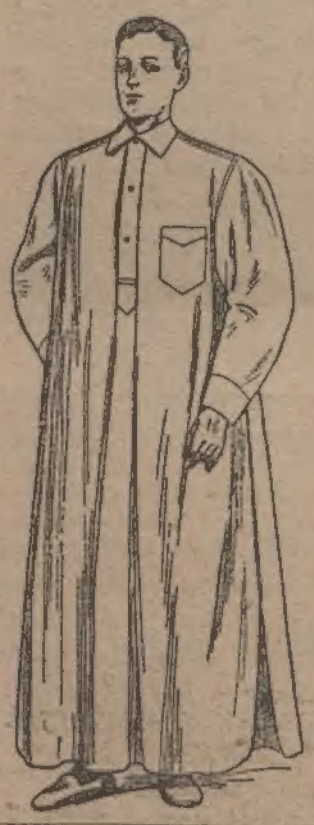

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